RCM London

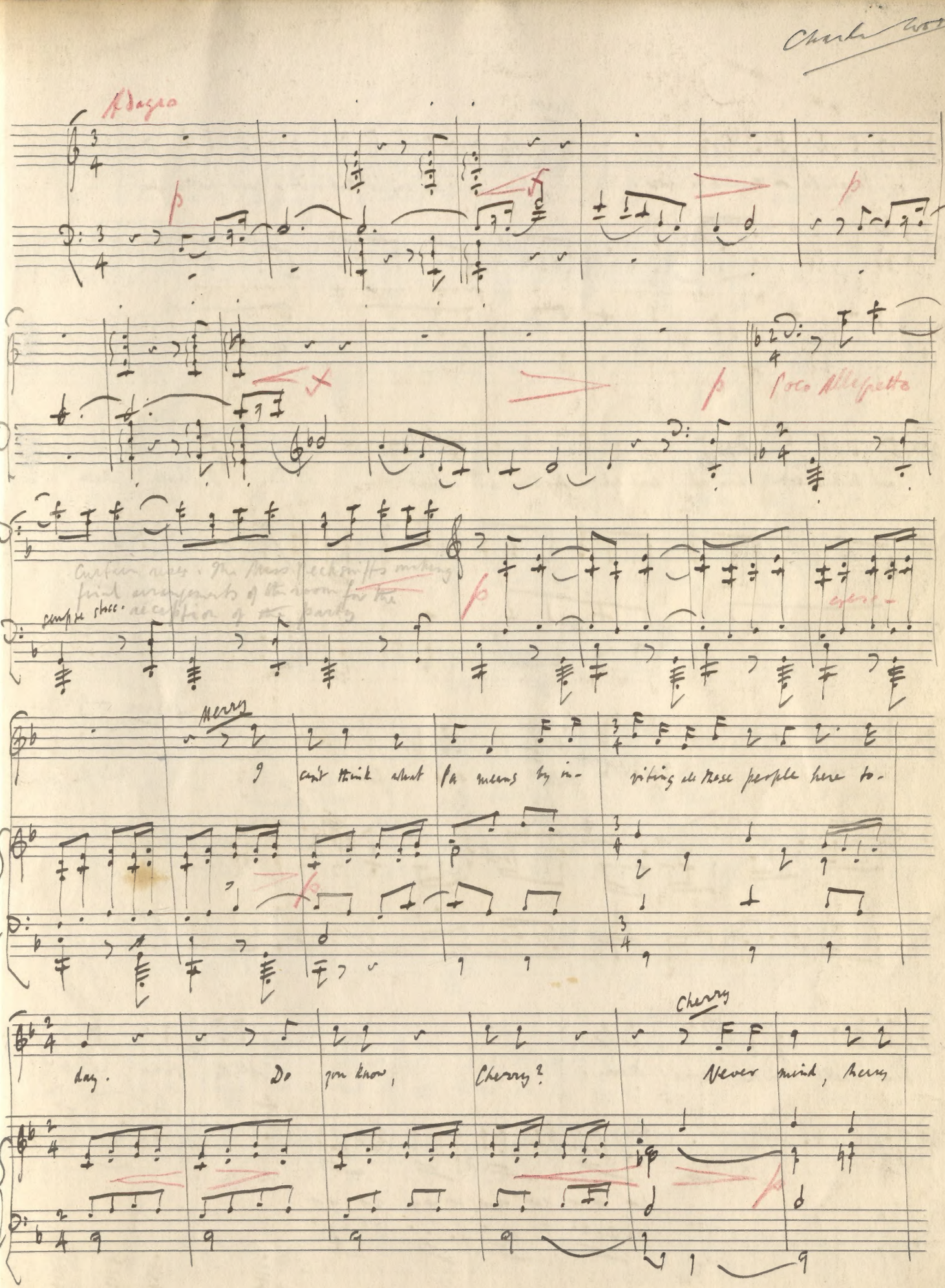
The Family Party

from

Martin Chuzzlewit

Charles Lenard
17 Grammar Road
Cambridge

594P



Charles Wood

Adagio

p

f

p

f

p

Poco Allegretto

Curtain rises. The Miss Peckswiffs making final arrangements of the room for the reception of the party

sempre stacc.

p

Merry

I can't think what Pa means by in- viting all these people here to-

p

day. Do you know, Cherry?

Cherry

Never mind, Merry

p

Merry

Just Pa to do what is best. Well all I can say is that it's a great bother to

stacc.

have such a crowd whom we don't care a farthing a- bout. I hate those

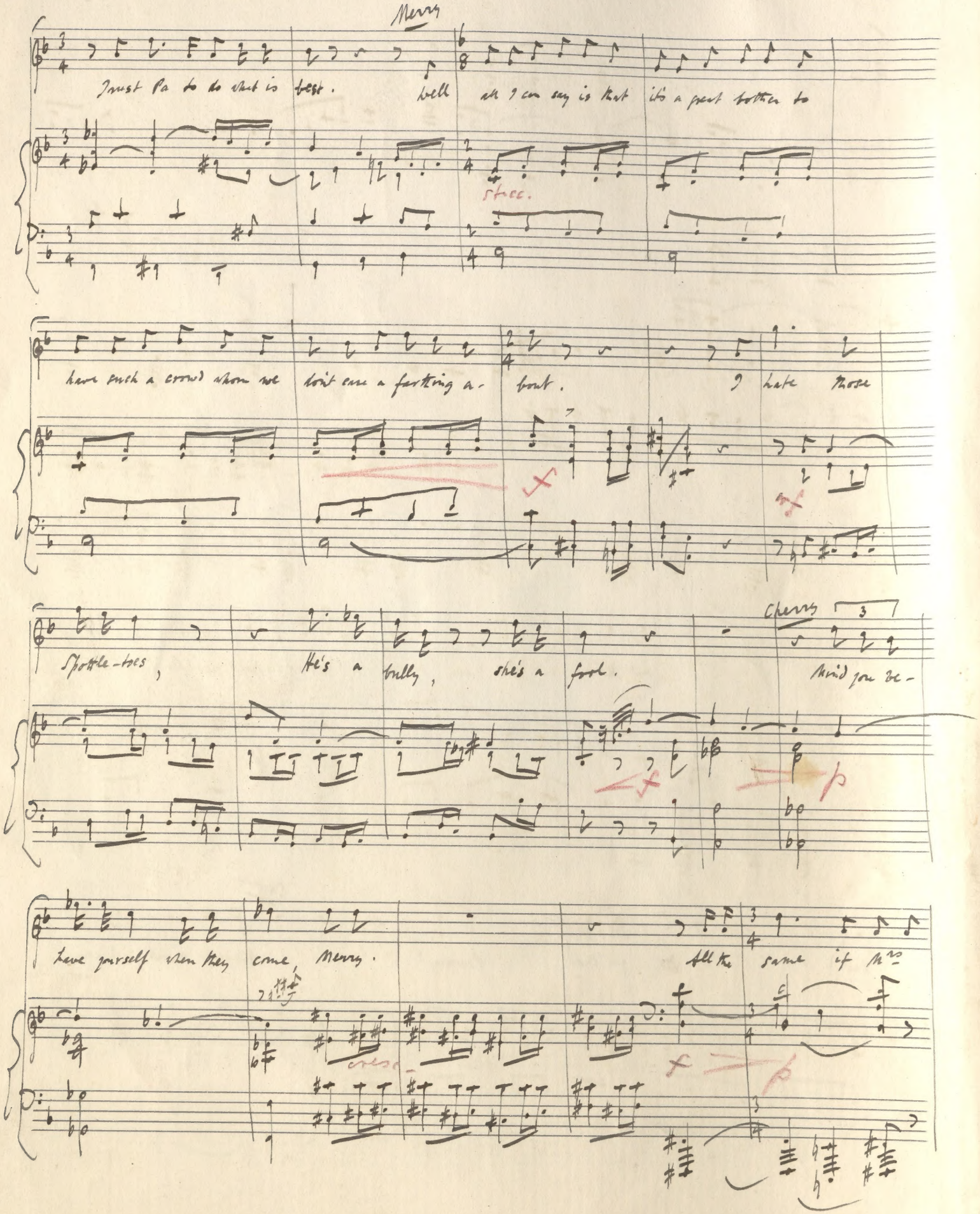
Spottle-toes, He's a bully, she's a fool.

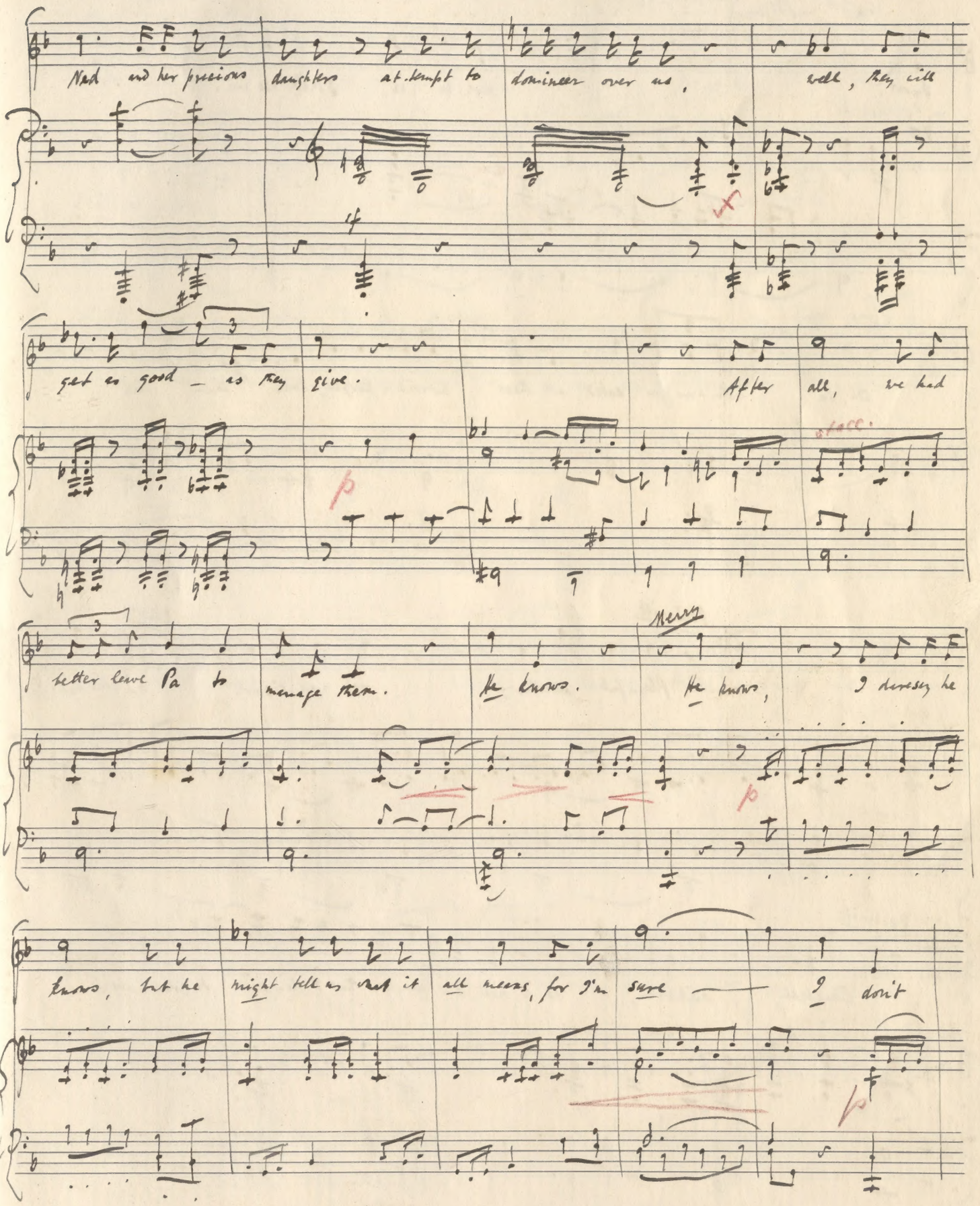
Cherry

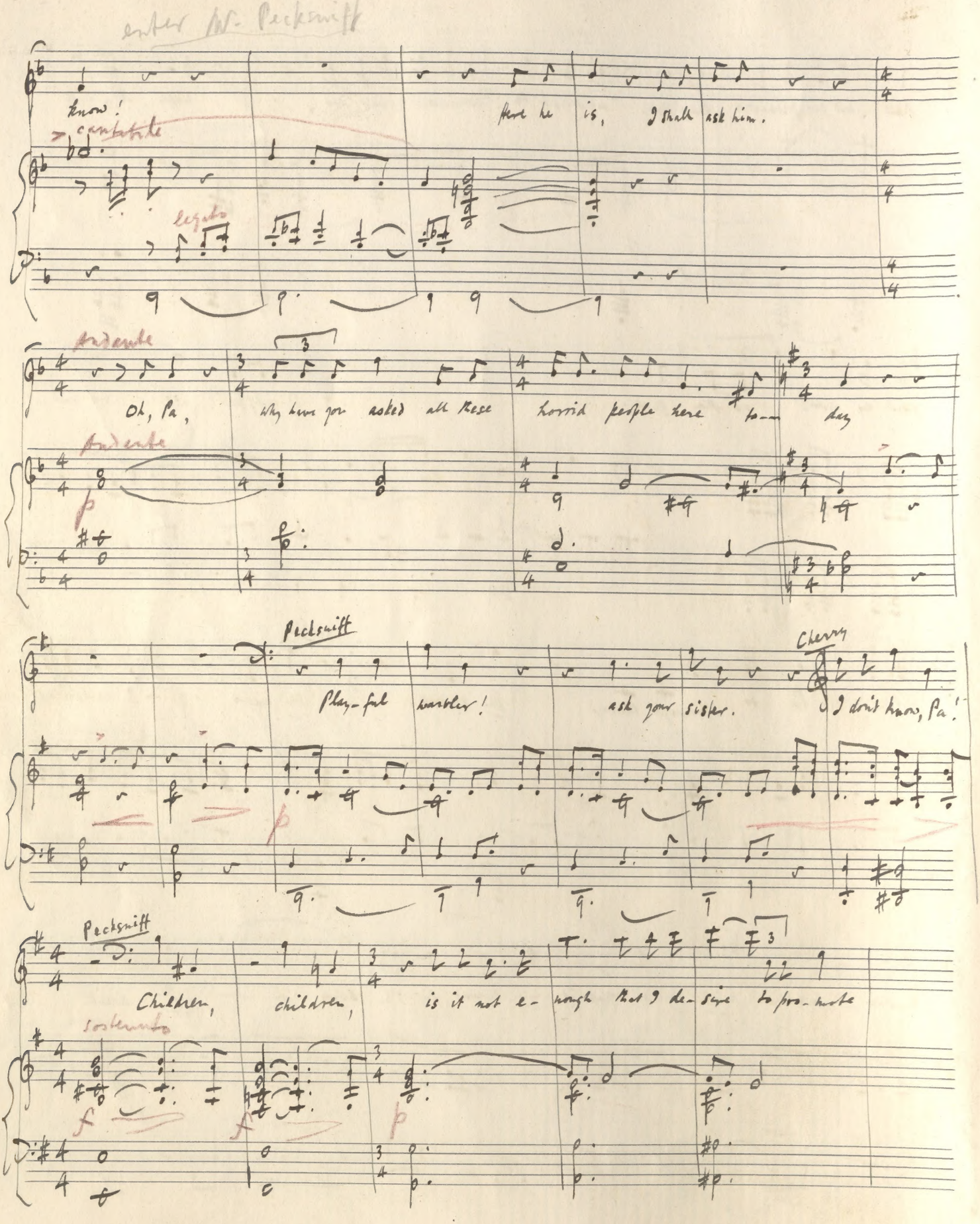
Mind you be-

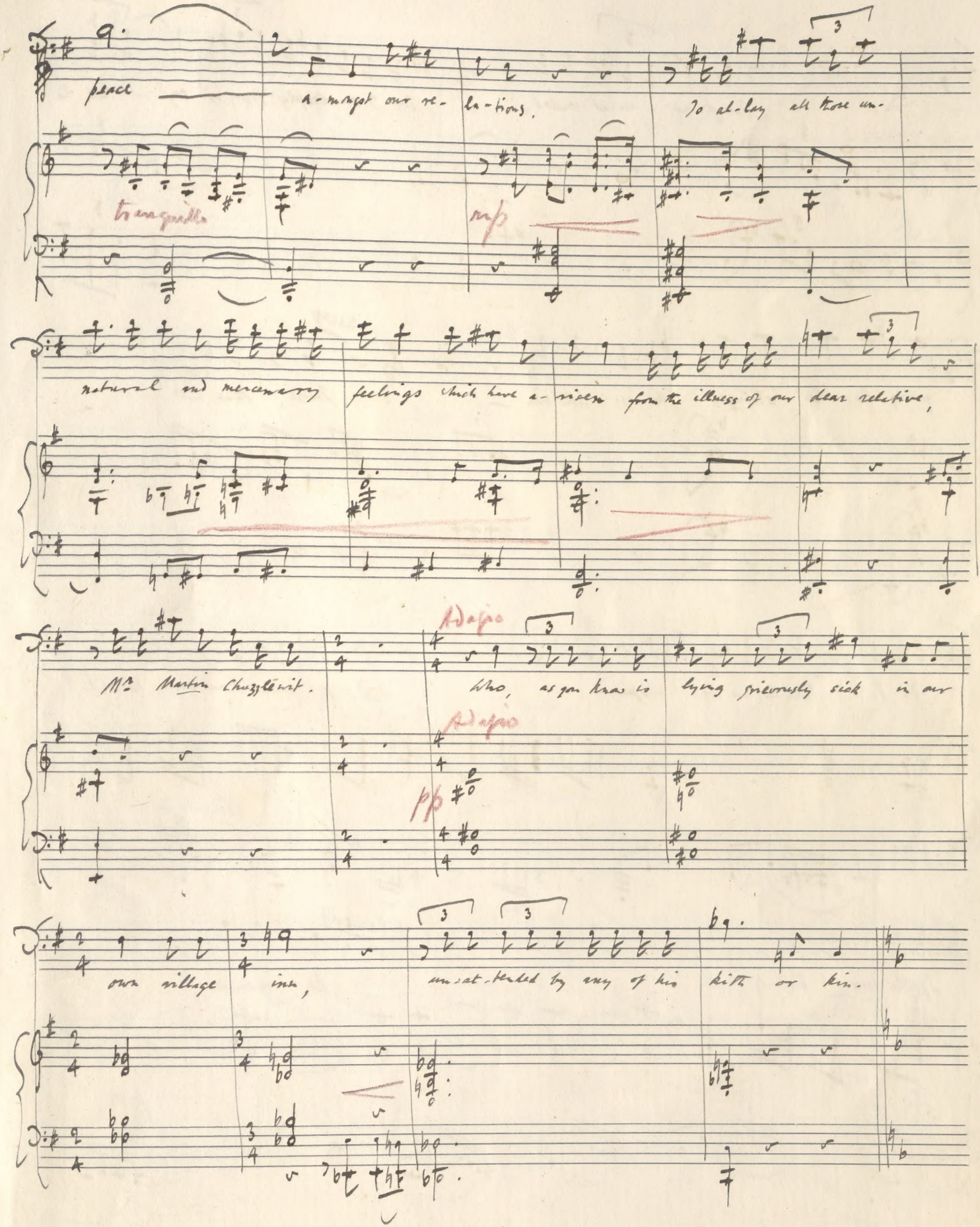
have yourself when they come, Merry. All the same if Mrs

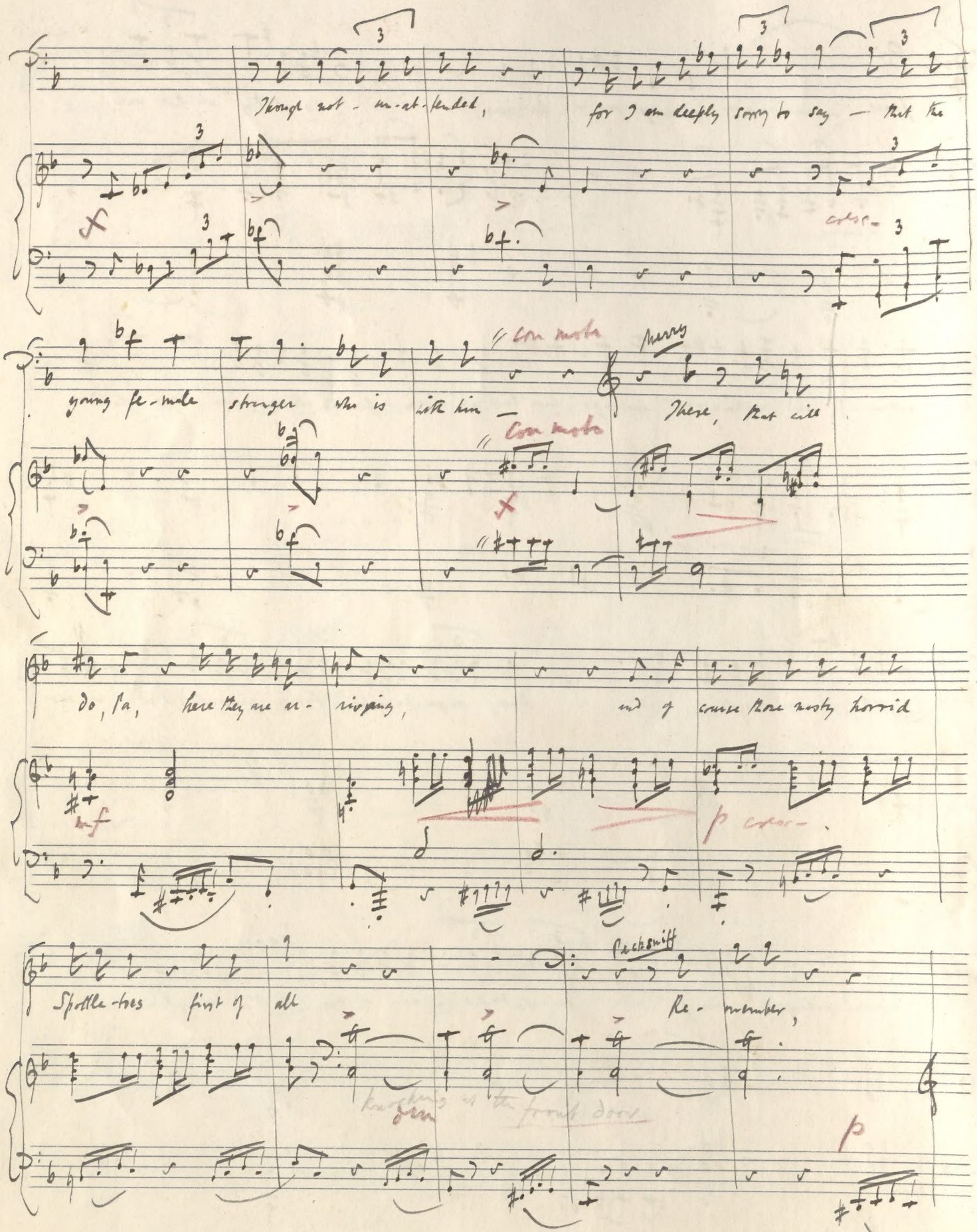
cresc.

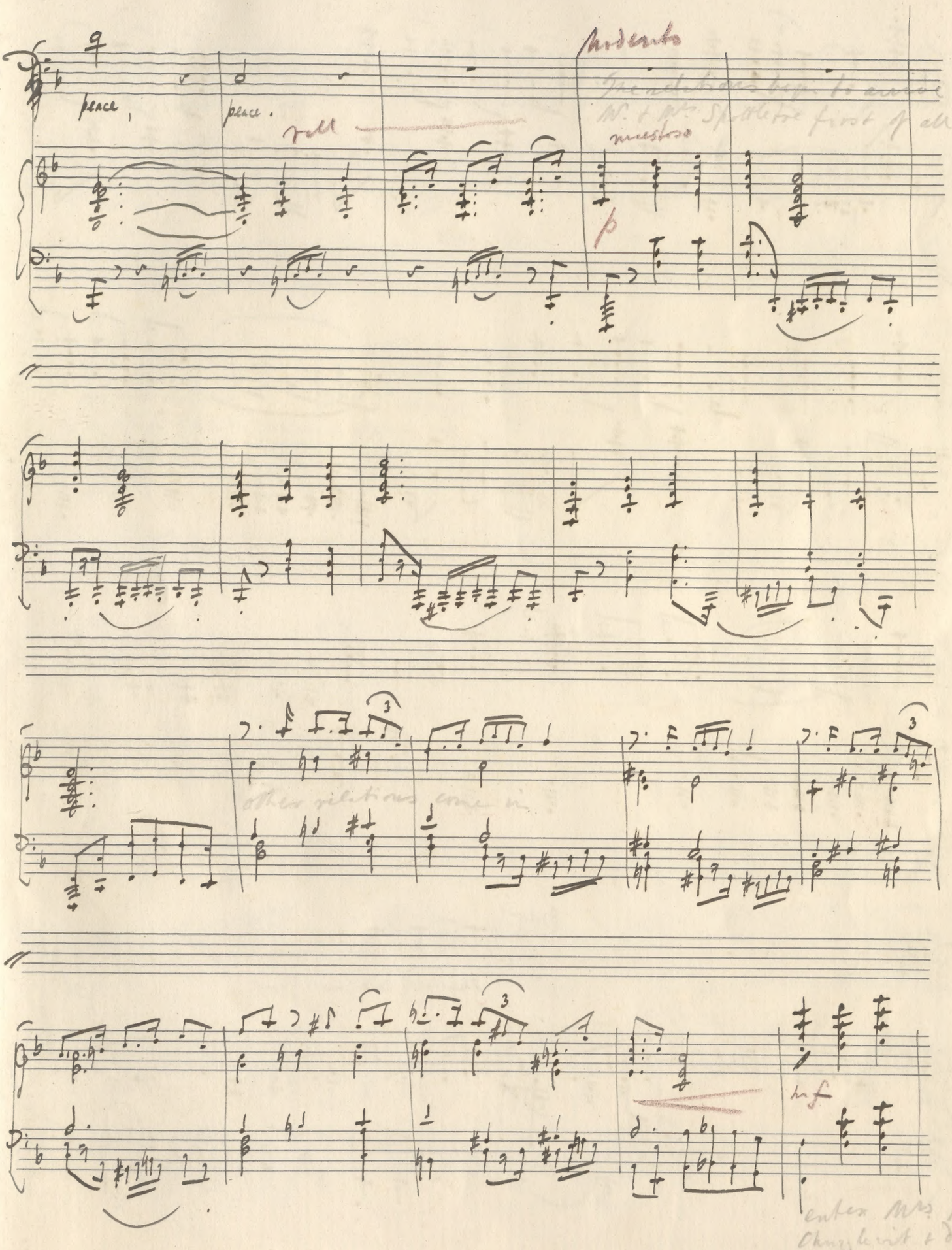


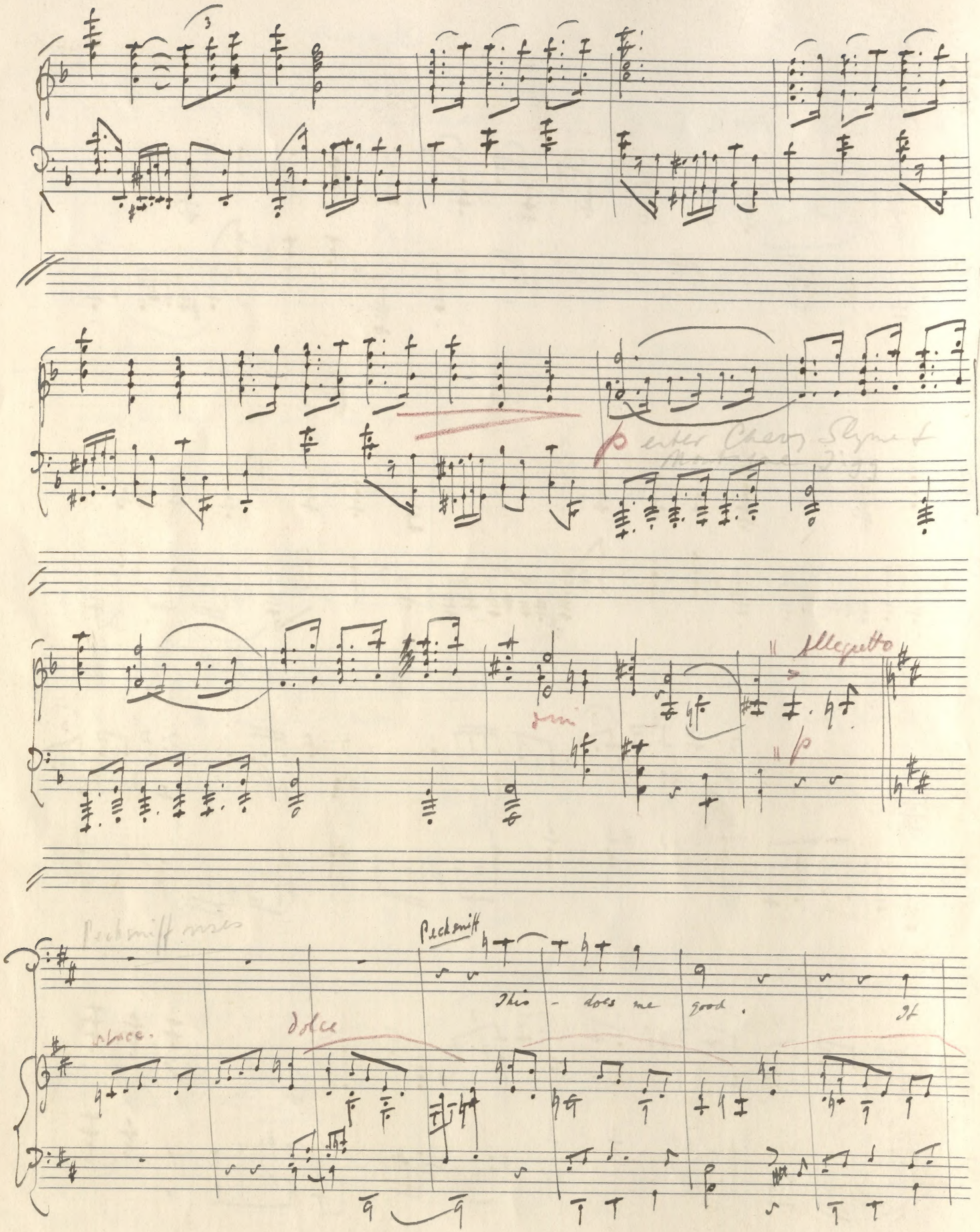

Ned and her precious daughters attempt to domineer over us, well, they will
get as good as they give.
After all, we had
better leave Pa to manage them.
He knows.
He knows,
I daresay he
knows, but he might tell us what it all means, for I'm sure I don't

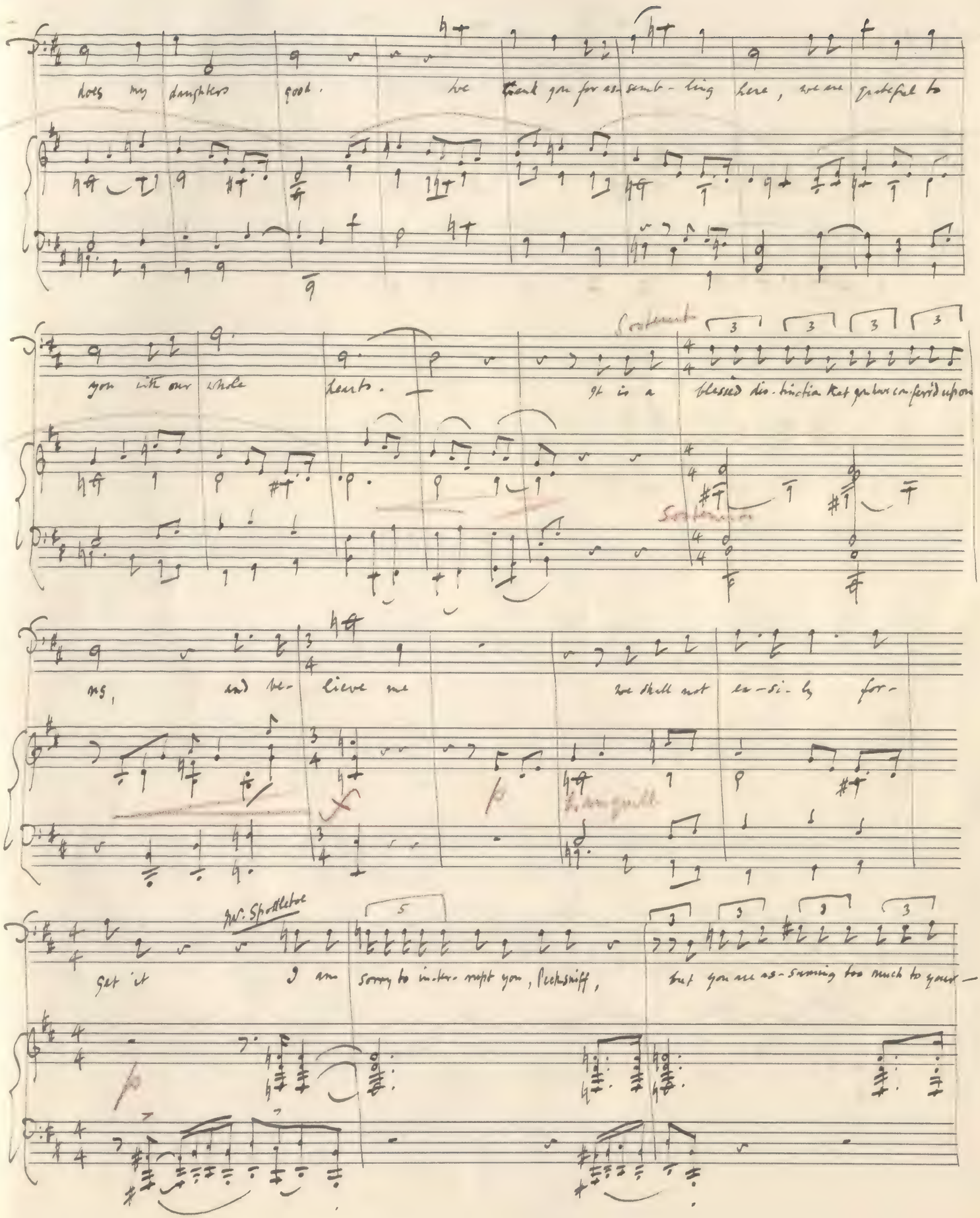

enter Mr. Pecksniff
know!
here he is, I shall ask him.
cantabile
legato
andante
Oh, Pa,
why have you asked all these horrid people here to-day
Pecksniff
play-ful warbler!
ask your sister.
Cherry
I don't know, Pa!
Pecksniff
Children, children, is it not e-nough that I de-sire to pro-mote
sostenuto


peace
a-mongst our re-la-tions.
To al-lay all those un-
tranquillo
rit
natural and mercenary
feelings which have a-risen from the illness of our dear relative,
Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit.
Adagio
who, as you know is lying grievously sick in our
Adagio
pp
own village inn,
unattended by any of his kith or kin.


Though not - un-at-tended, for I am deeply sorry to say — that the
young fe-male stranger who is with him —
Con moto
Merry
There, that will
do, Pa, here they are ar-riving, and of course those nasty horrid
Spottle-toes first of all
Pecksniff
Re-member,
knocking at the front door
cresc.
mf
p cresc.
p


peace,
peace.
rall
Moderato
The relations begin to arrive
Mr. & Mrs. Spottletoe first of all.
maestoso
p
other relations come in
mf
enter Mrs. Ned
Chuzzlewit & daughters


p
Allegretto
p
Pecksniff rises
Pecksniff
This - does me good.
It
dolce


does my daughters good.
we thank you for as-sem-bling here, we are grateful to
you with our whole
hearts.
It is a
blessed dis-tinction that you have con-ferred upon
us,
and be-
lieve me
we shall not
ea-si-ly for-
get it
I am
sorry to inter-rupt you, Fleksniff,
but you are as-suming too much to your-

self, Sir. Who — do you im-a-gine has it in con-tem-pla-tion to con-

Mr. Spotlette

fer a dis-tinction upon you Sir?

Chorus

S. Who do you im-agine? not we in-

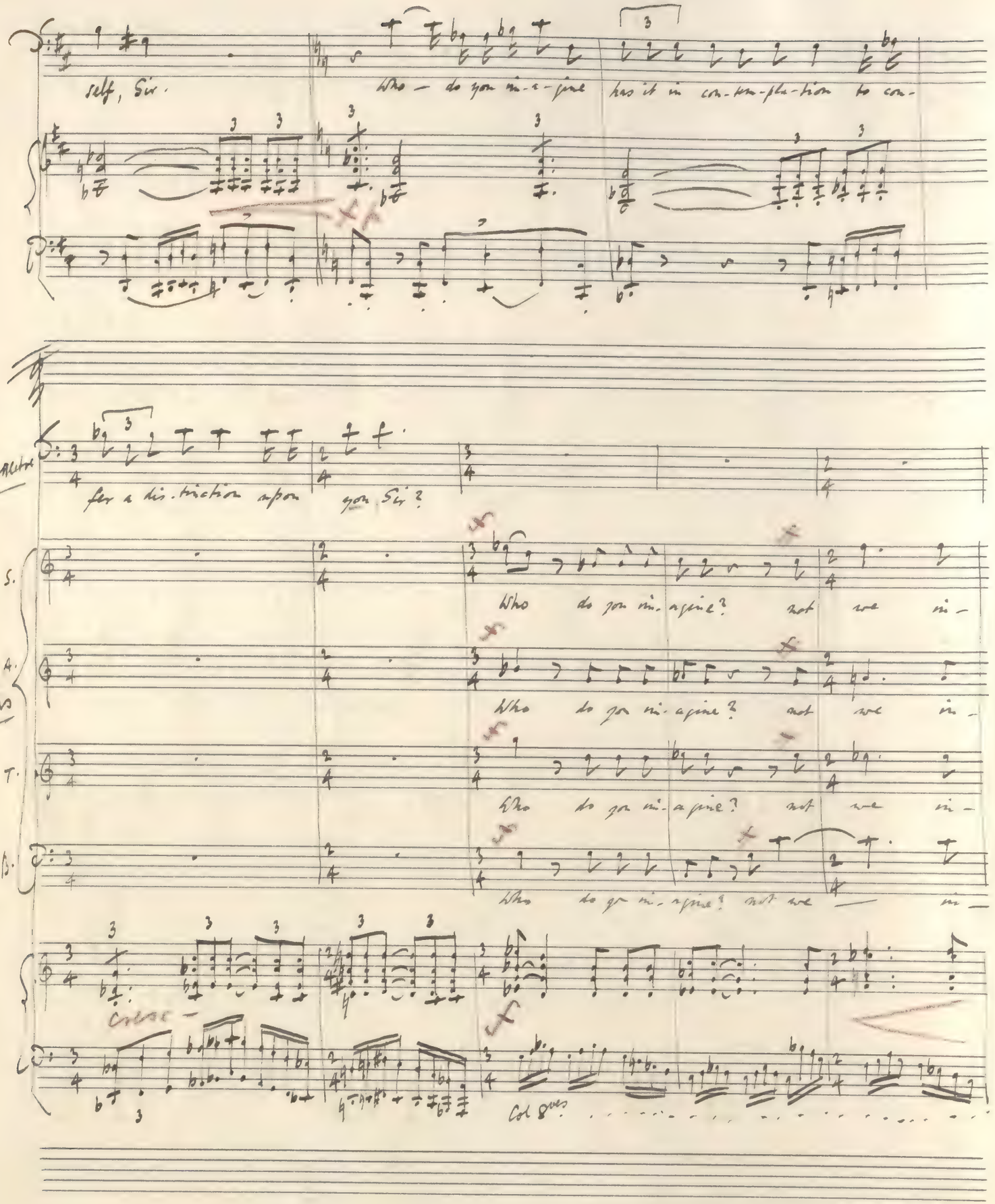
A. Who do you im-agine? not we in-

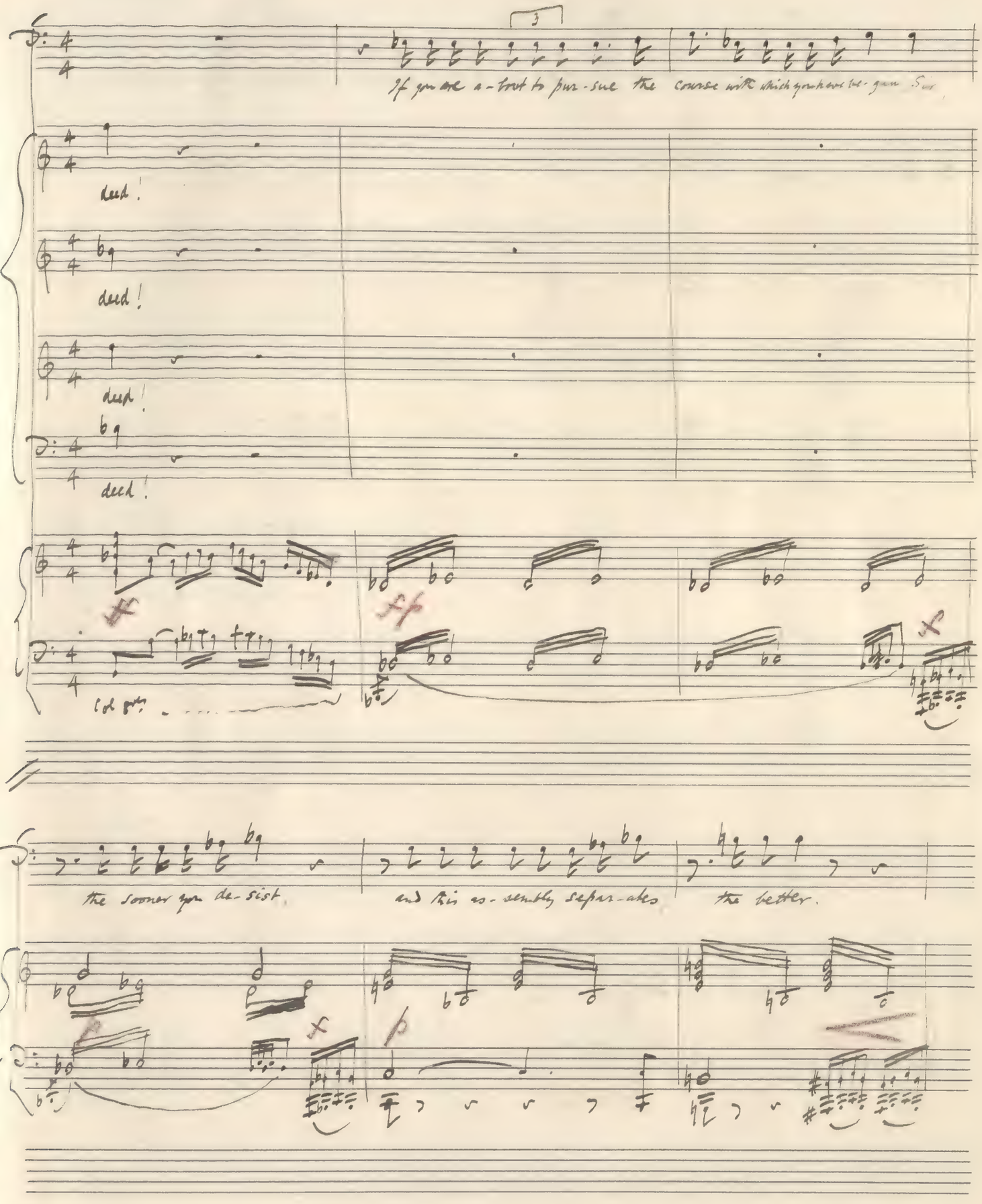
T. Who do you im-agine? not we in-

B. Who do you im-agine? not we — in-

Cresc —

Col 8ves




3
If you are a-bout to pur-sue the course with which you have be-gun Sir
deed!
deed!
deed!
deed!
the sooner you de-sist
and this as-sembly separ-ates
the better.

I am no stranger, Sir, to your pre-pos — ter-ous de-sire to be re-garded as the head of this family.

Colla voce

Mr. Spottletoe

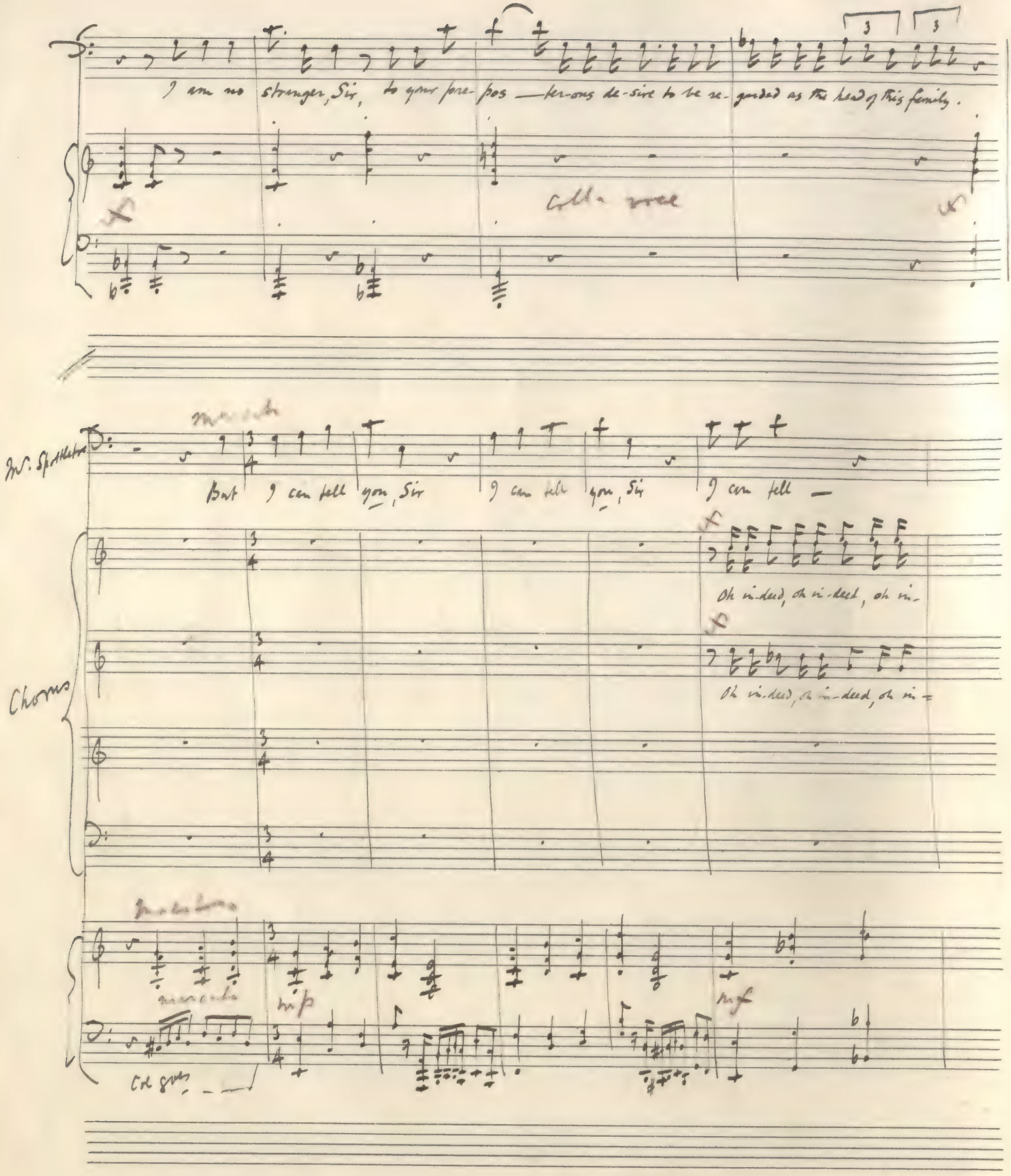
But I can tell you, Sir I can tell you, Sir I can tell —

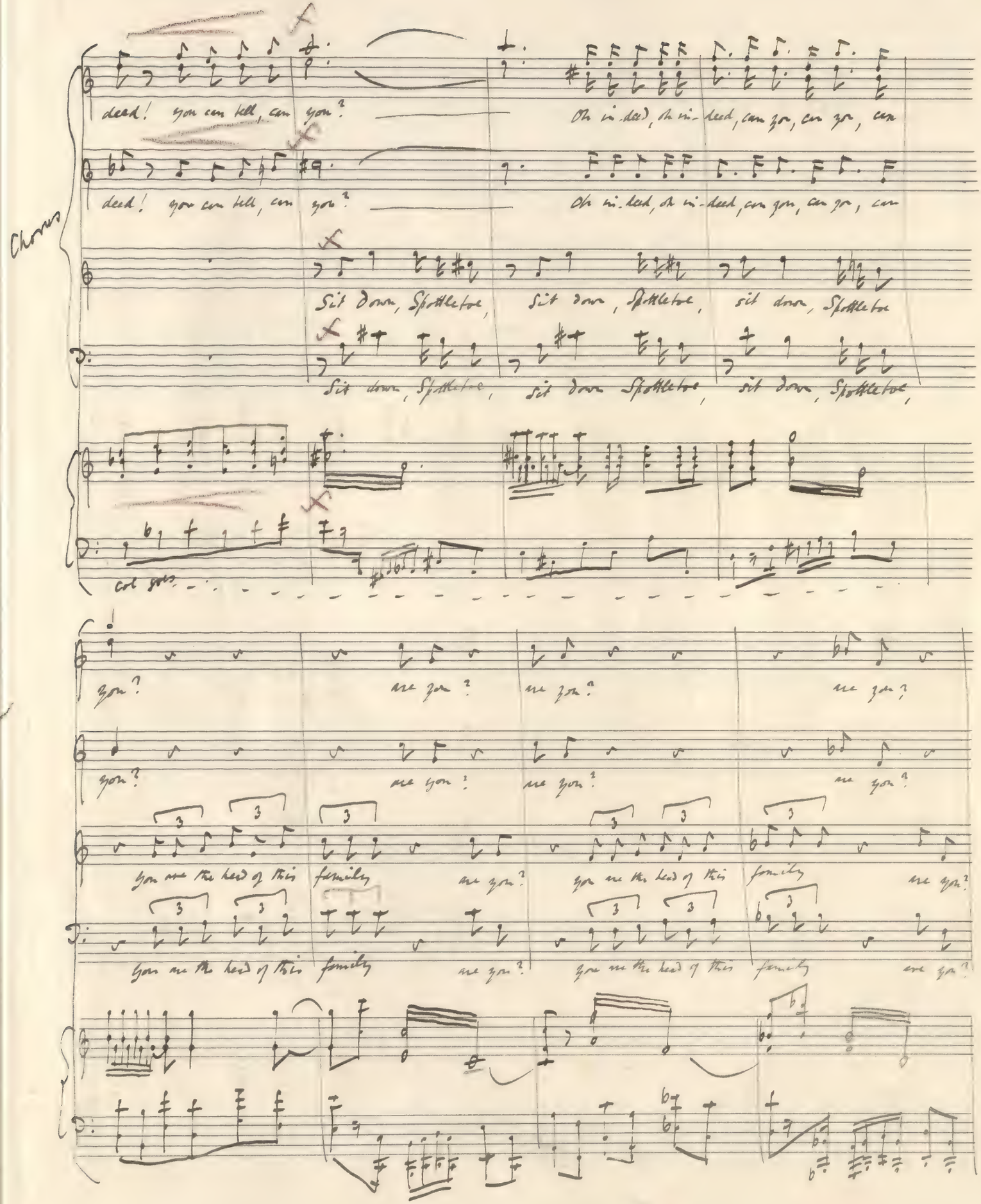
Chorus

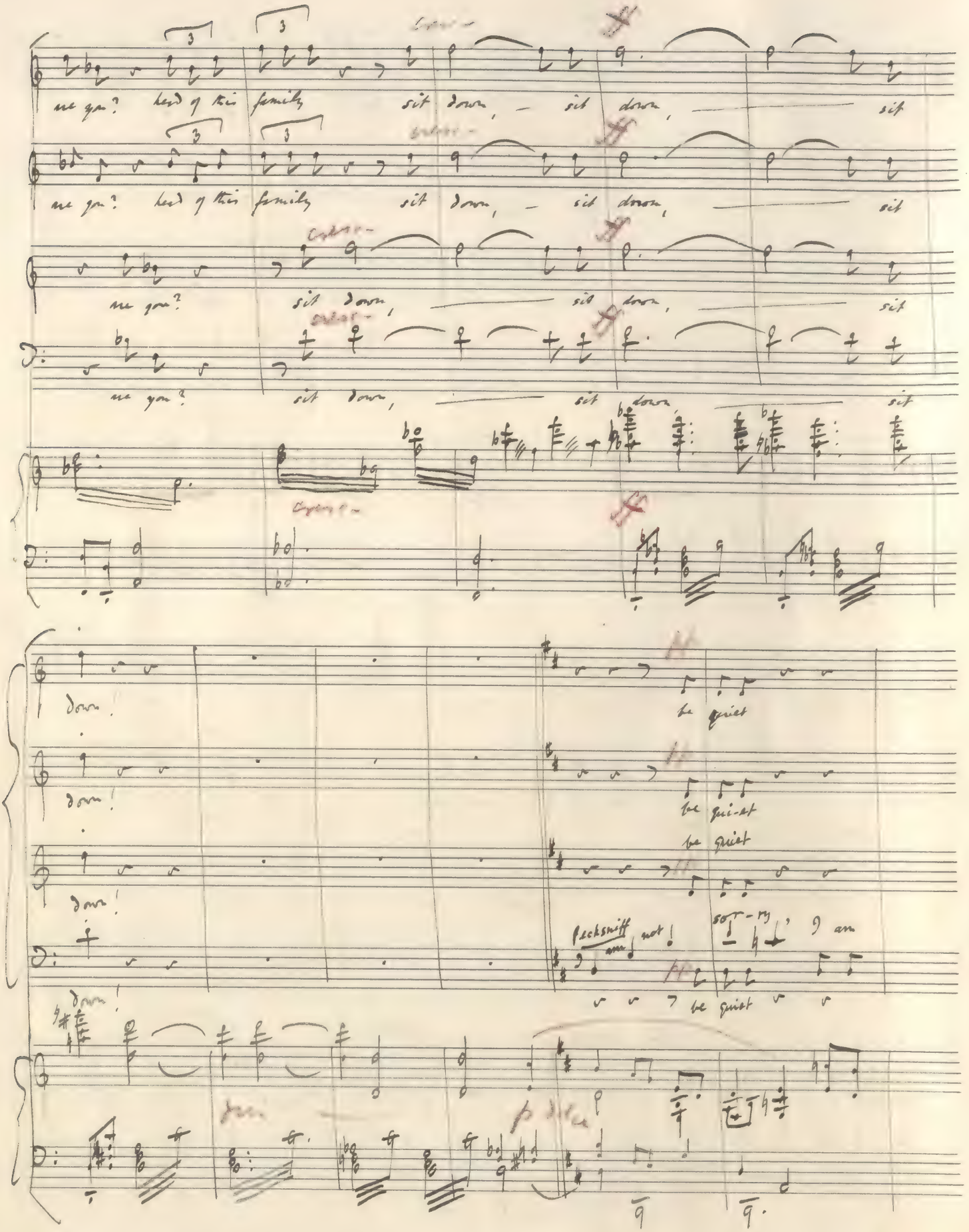
Oh in-deed, oh in-deed, oh in-

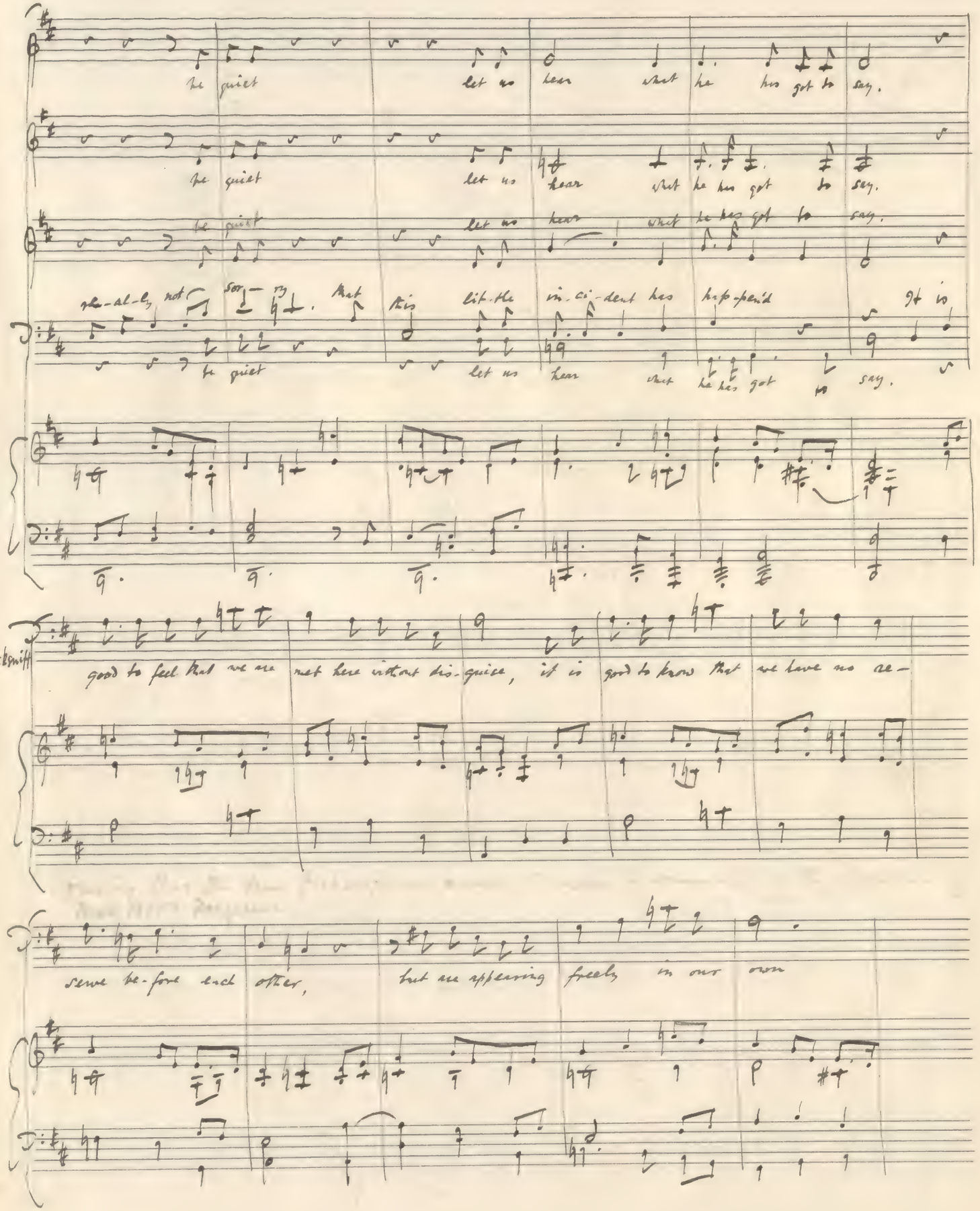
Oh in-deed, oh in-deed, oh in-

Col gues




Chorus
deed! you can tell, can you?
Oh in-deed, oh in-deed, can you, can you, can
Sit down, Sprattletoe, sit down, Sprattletoe, sit down, Sprattletoe
Sit down, Sprattletoe, sit down Sprattletoe, sit down, Sprattletoe,
col voce
you?
are you?
you are the head of this family
are you?


ne you? heard of this family sit down, — sit down, — sit
ne you? heard of this family sit down, — sit down, — sit
ne you? sit down, — sit down, — sit
ne you? sit down, — sit down, — sit
down!
be quiet
down!
be qui-et
be quiet
down!
down!
Pecksniff am not!
sor-ry, I am
be quiet


be quiet
let us
hear
what
he
has got to
say.
be quiet
let us
hear
what he has got to
say.
be quiet
let us
hear
what he has got to
say.
re-al-ly not
sor-
that
this
lit-tle
in-ci-dent has
hap-pen'd
it is
be quiet
let us
hear
what
he has got
to
say.
:Jacksmith
good to feel that we are
met here without dis-guise,
it is
good to know that
we have no re-
serve be-fore each
other,
but are appearing
freely
in our
own

Allegro

Mrs Ned's daughter

characters.

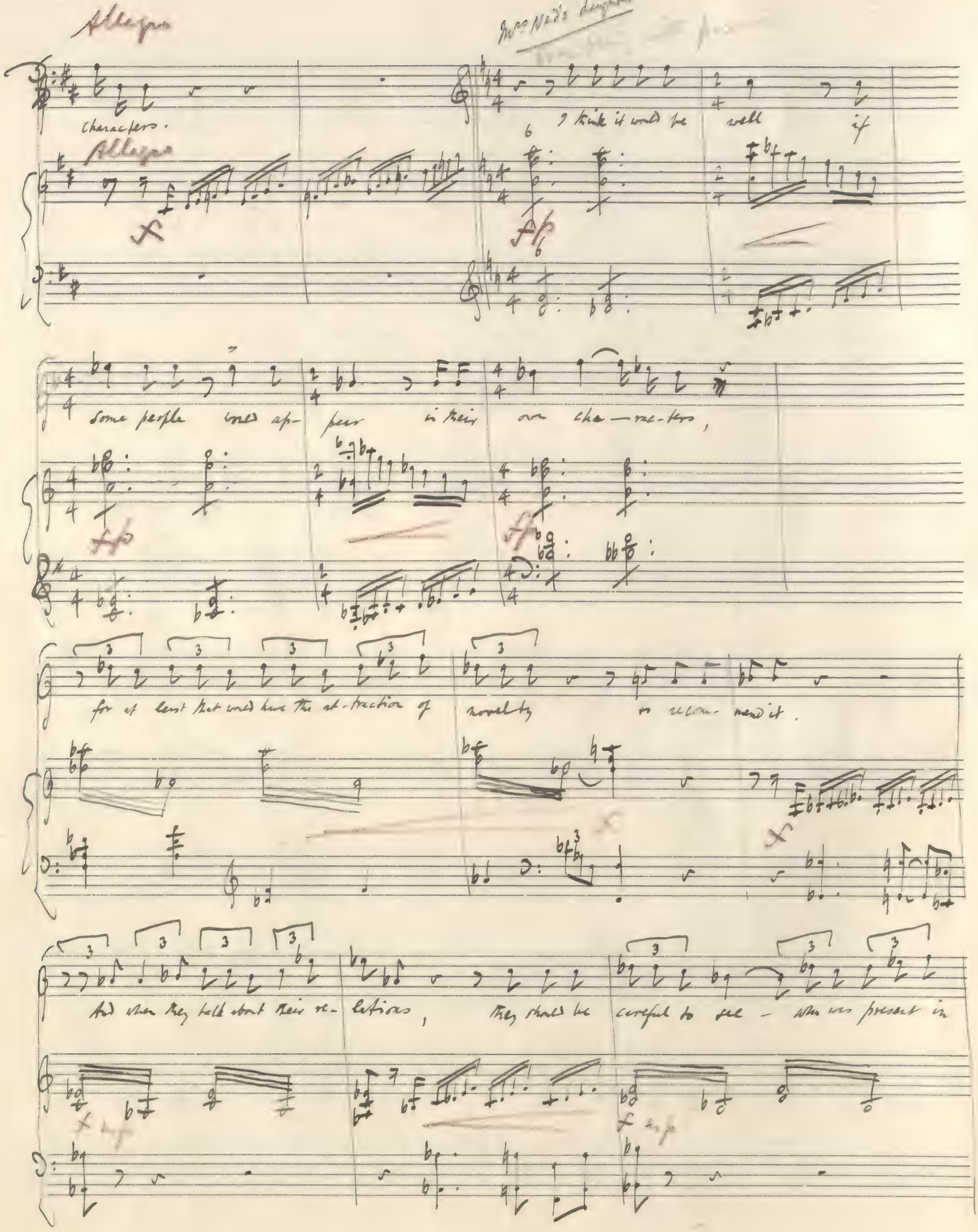
I think it would be well if

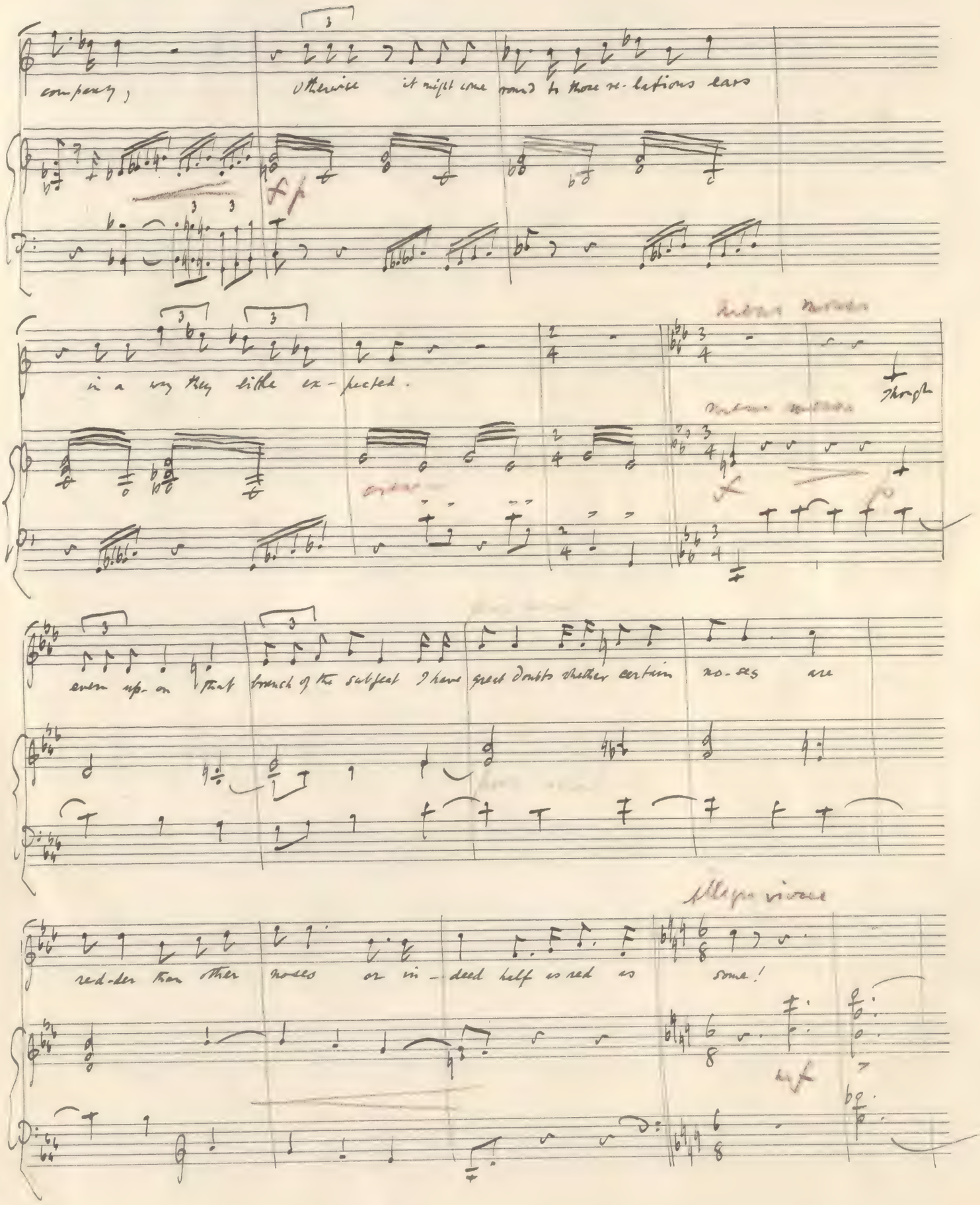
Allegro

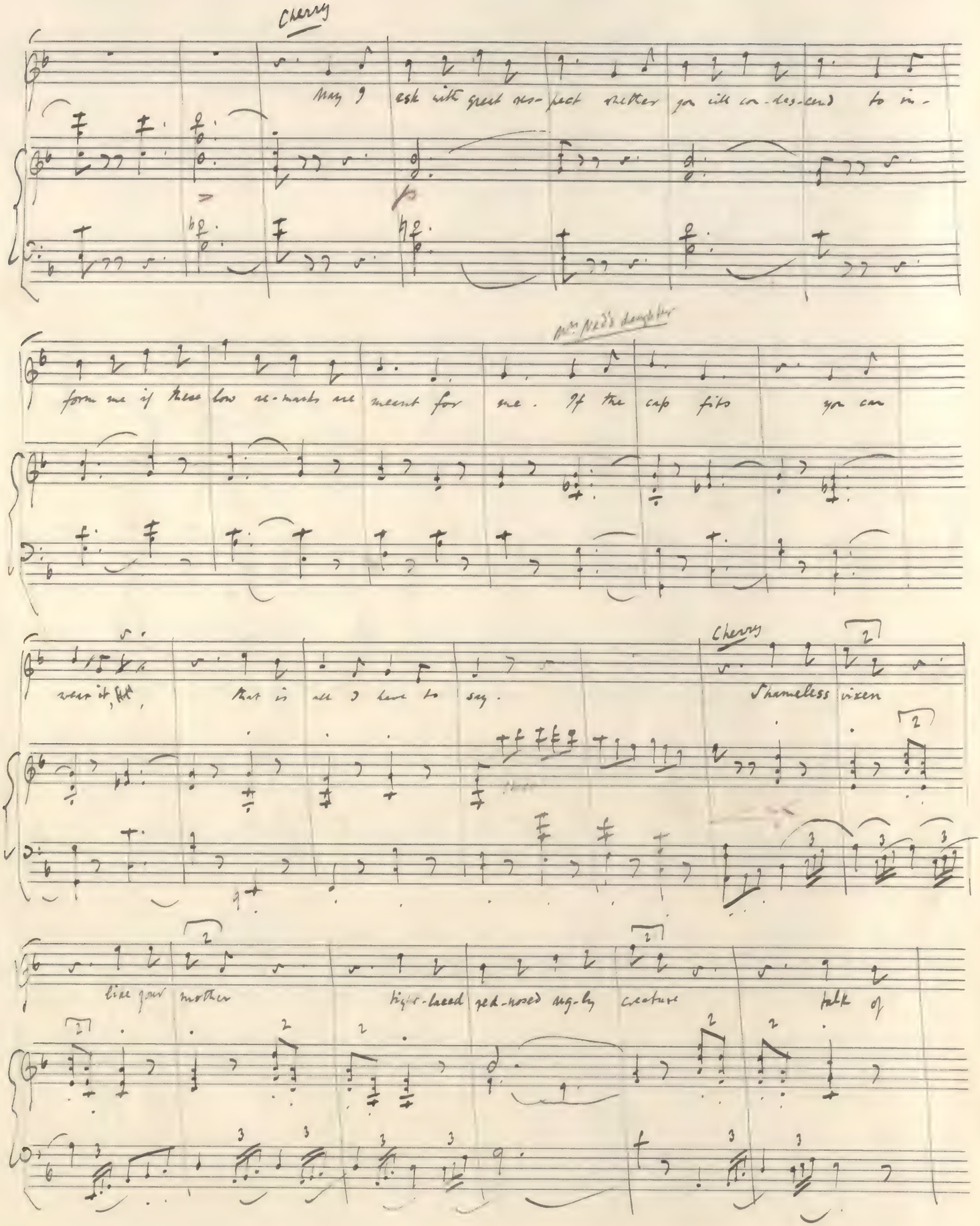
some people would ap- pear in their own cha-rac-ters,

for at least that would have the at-traction of novelty to recom- mend it.

And when they talk about their re- lations, they should be careful to see - who was present in




company;
Otherwise it might come round to those re-luctious ears
in a way they like ex-pected.
even up-on that
touch of the subject I have great doubts whether certain
no-ses are
red-der than other
noses or in-deed half as red as
some!


Cherry
May I ask with great res-pect whether you will con-des-cend to in-
form me if these low re-marks are meant for me. If the cap fits you can
Mrs Ned's daughter
wear it, Ma'am, that is all I have to say.
Cherry
Shameless vixen
like your mother tiger-faced red-nosed ug-ly creature talk of

Cherry

fitting caps how dare you!

Chorus Soprano

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Chorus Alto

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

Chorus

Tenor mf

You're the vixen See the cap fits

Bass mf

You're the vixen See the cap fits

mf

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You're the vixen See the cap fits

unis.

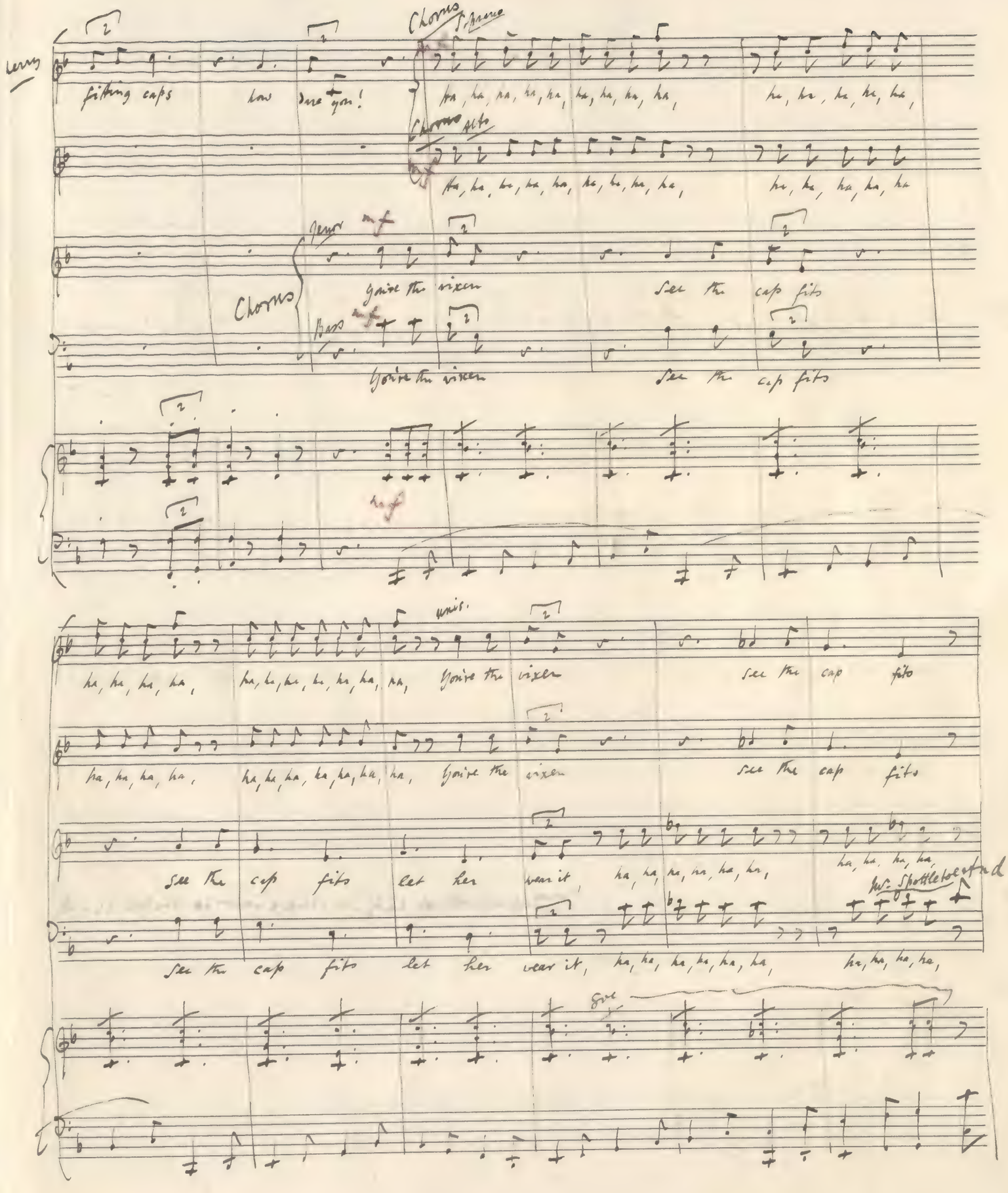
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You're the vixen See the cap fits

See the cap fits let her wear it, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Mr. Spottletoe and

See the cap fits let her wear it, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

8va



ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

Mr. Spottledoe

you, you verfed, impudent scoundrel and you you scoundrel I'd kick you for six-pence

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

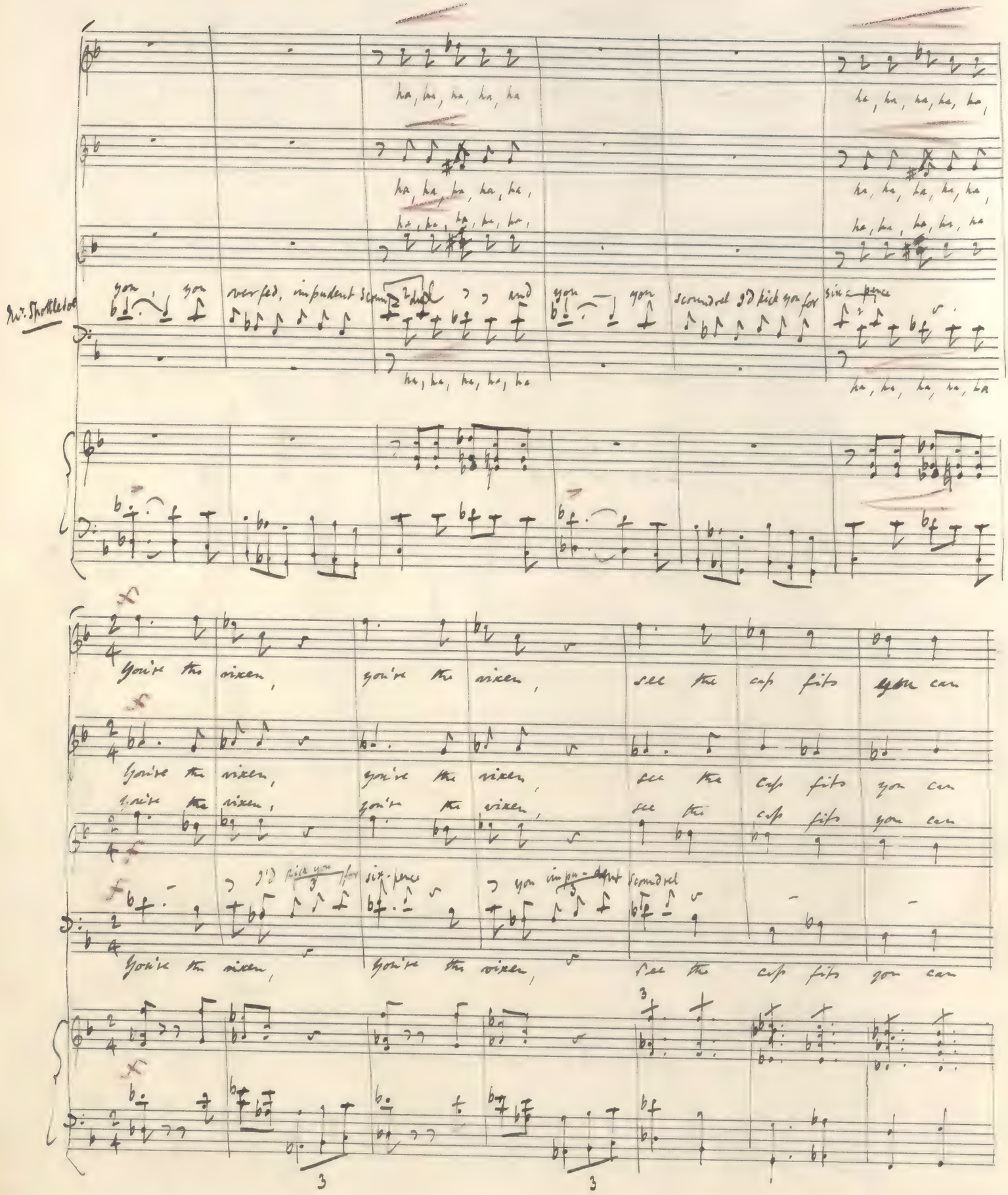
You're the vixen, you're the vixen, see the cap fits you can

You're the vixen, you're the vixen, see the cap fits you can

You're the vixen, you're the vixen, see the cap fits you can

I'd kick you for six-pence you impudent scoundrel

You're the vixen, you're the vixen, see the cap fits you can



Cherry

shame — less vixen, shame - less vixen,

Jerry

shame - less vixen, shame — less vixen

Mr. Spottletoe

and you, you ov — er-fed impudent scoundrel, I'd kick you for

Chorus

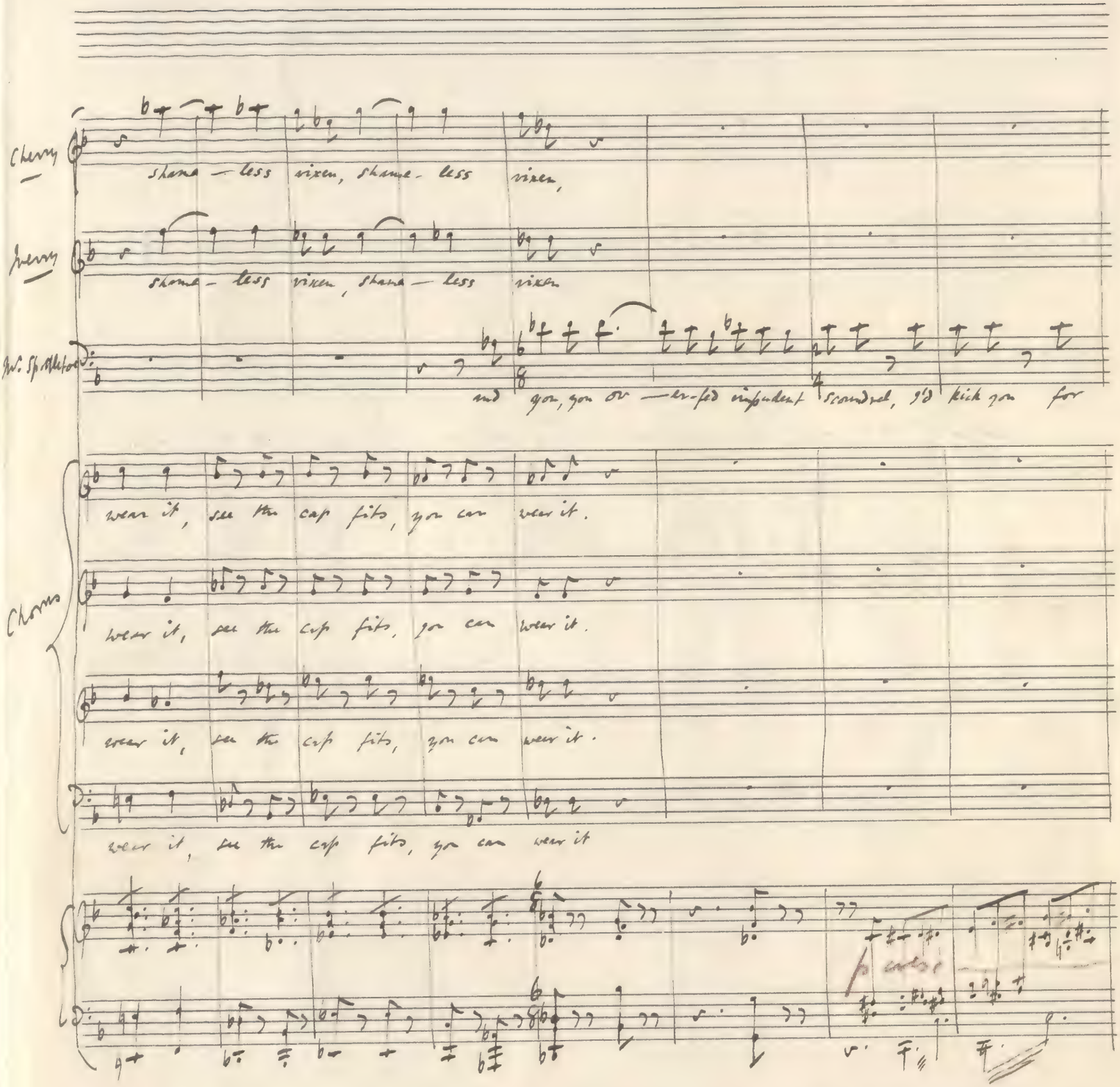
wear it, see the cap fits, you can wear it.

wear it, see the cap fits, you can wear it.

wear it, see the cap fits, you can wear it.

wear it, see the cap fits, you can wear it

p cresc



Mr. Spottlebone

Six-pence.

Chorus

f cresc

Ha, ha, — ha, — ha, ha, - ha, ha, — ha, ha, ha,

f cresc

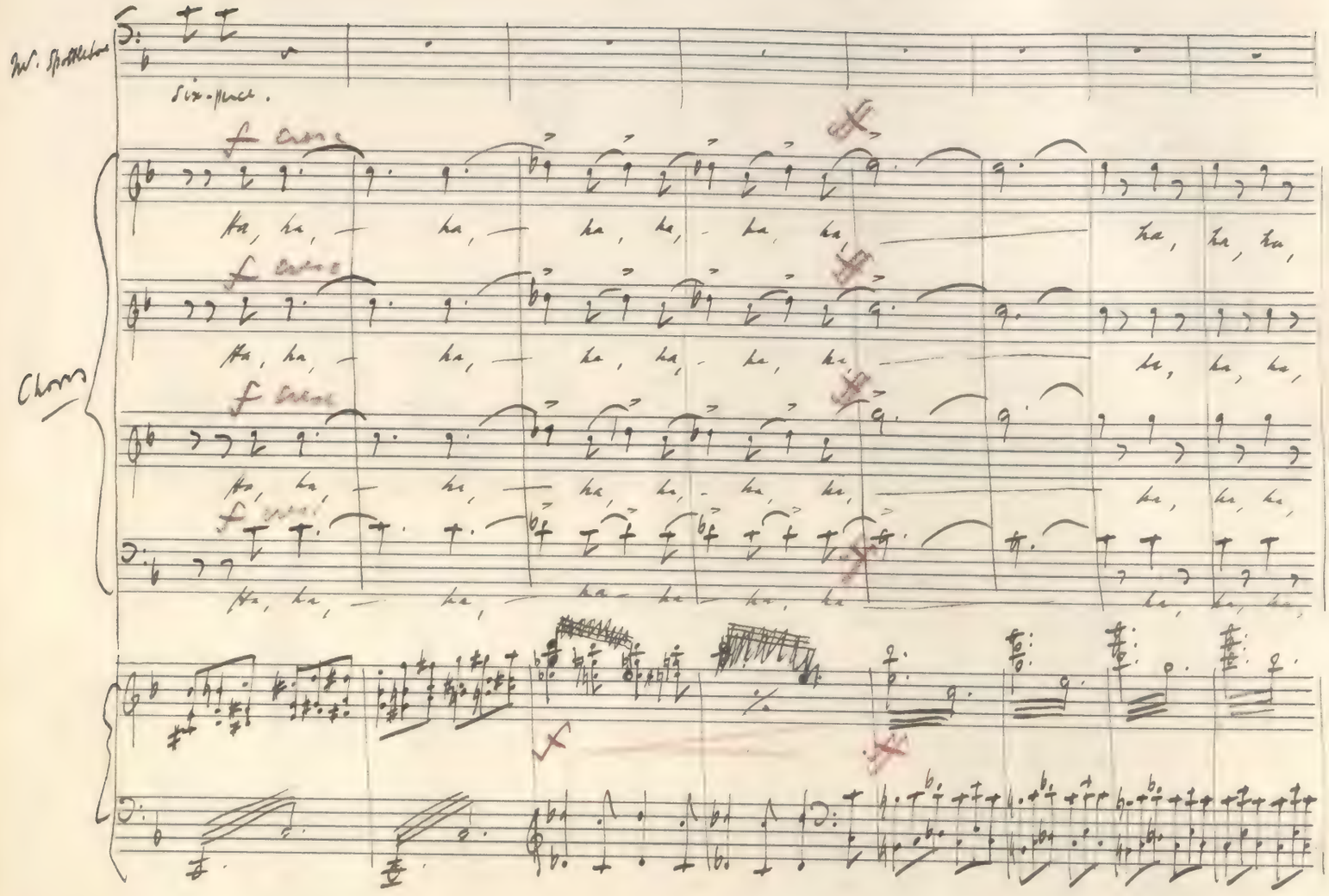
Ha, ha, — ha, — ha, ha, - ha, ha, — ha, ha, ha,

f cresc

Ha, ha, — ha, — ha, ha, - ha, ha, — ha, ha, ha,

f cresc

Ha, ha, — ha, — ha - ha - ha, ha — ha, ha, ha,



Chorus

ha, — ha, ha!

ha, — ha, ha!

ha, — ha, ha!

ha, — ha, ha!

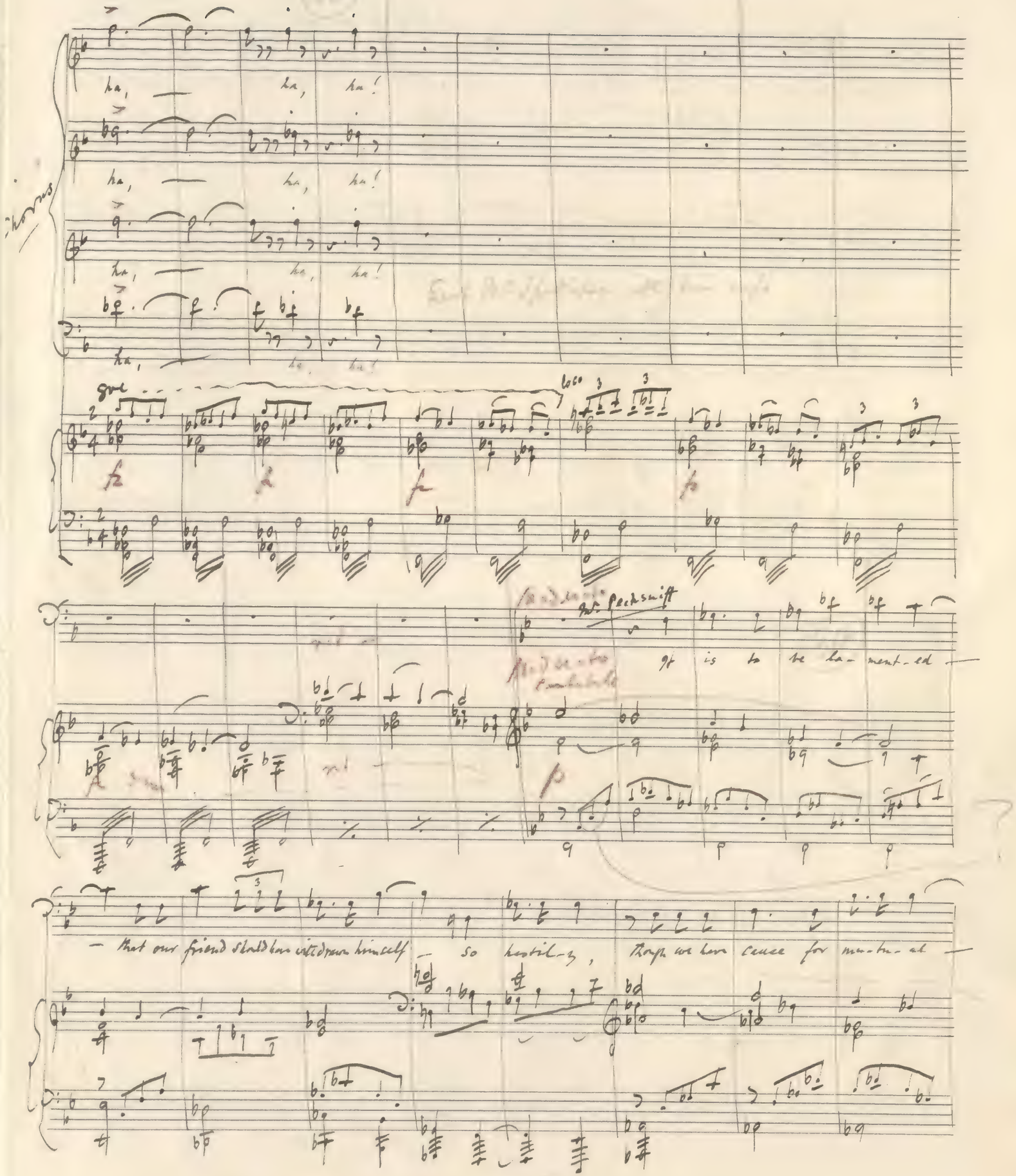
gve

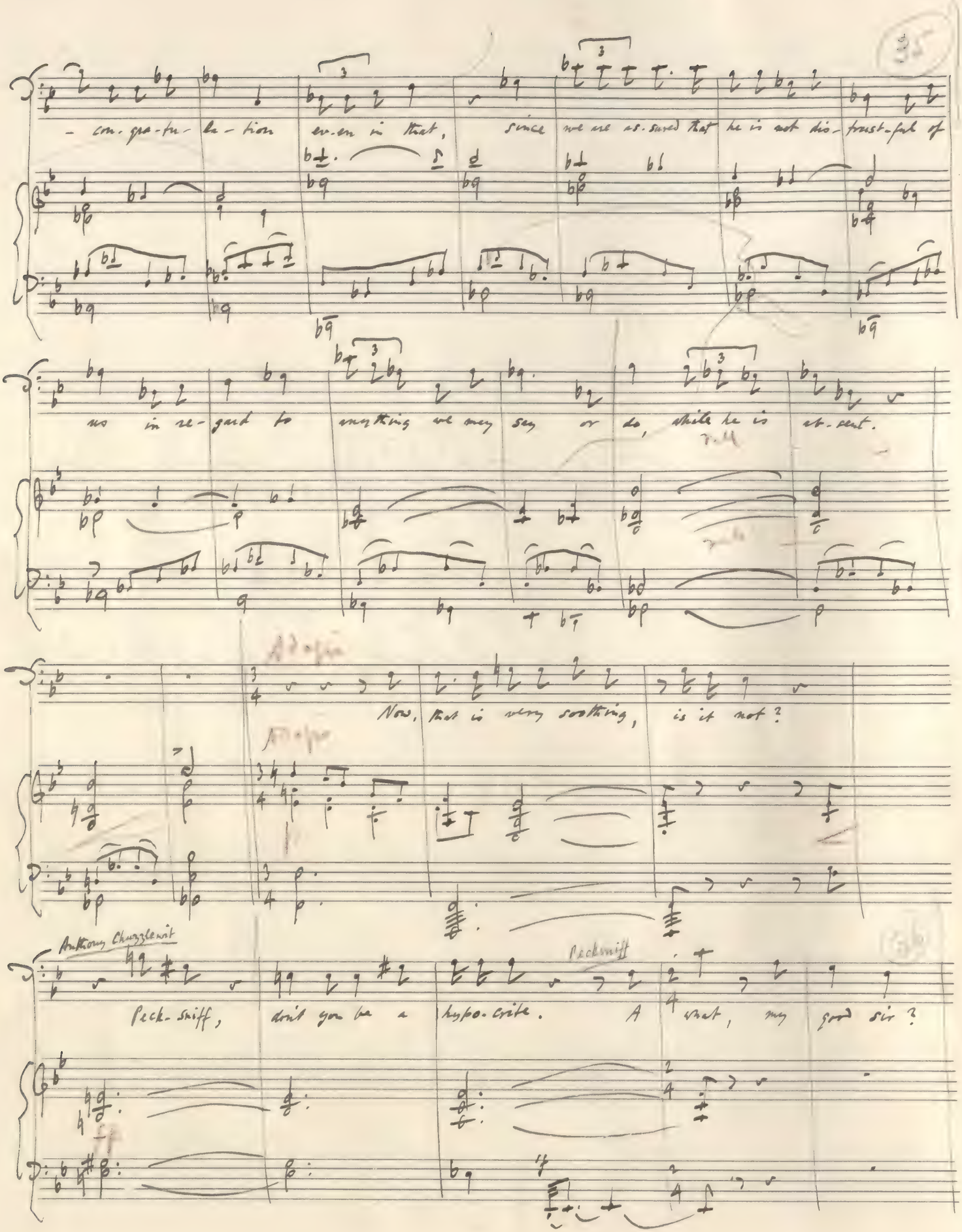
loco

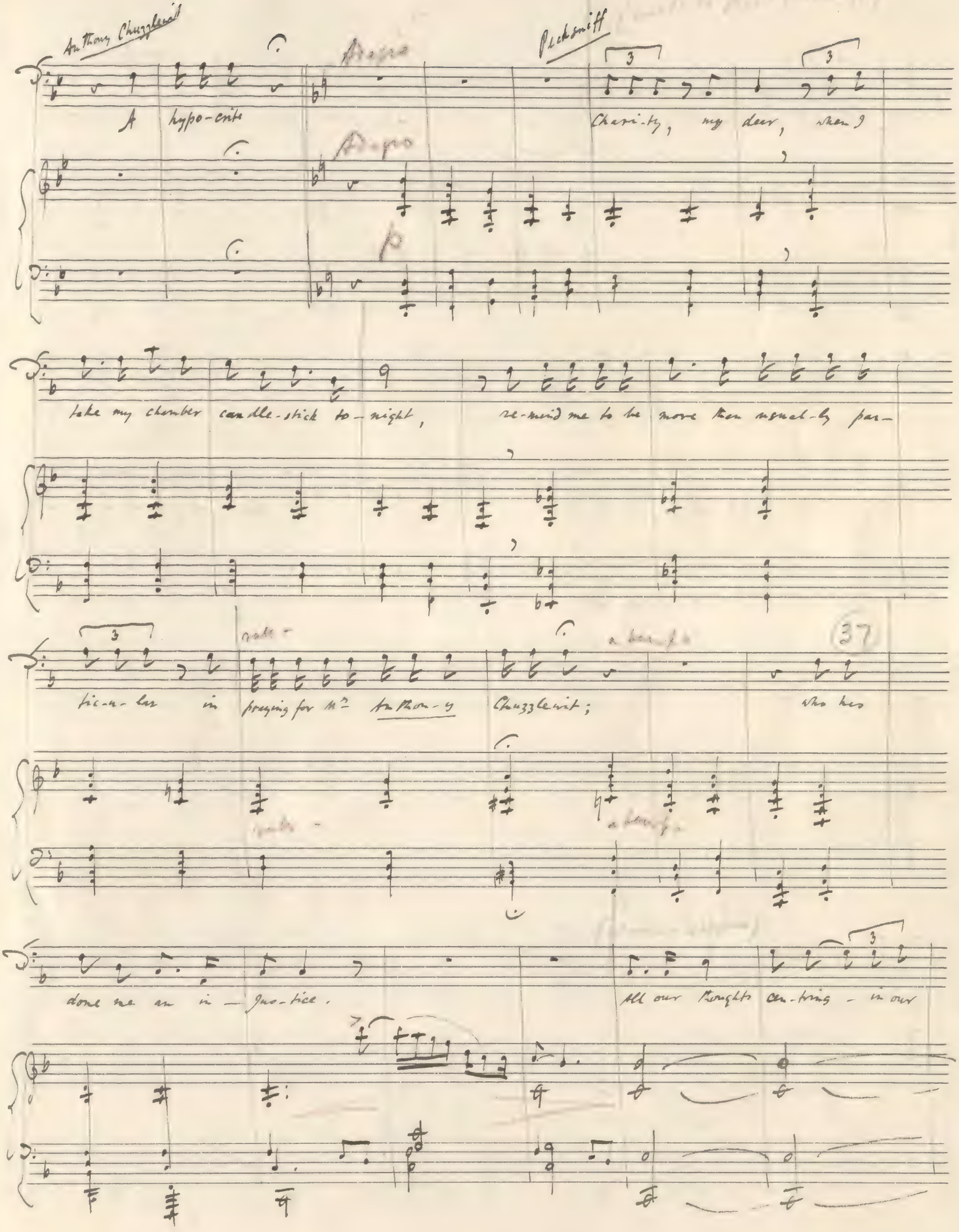
Mr. Pecksniff

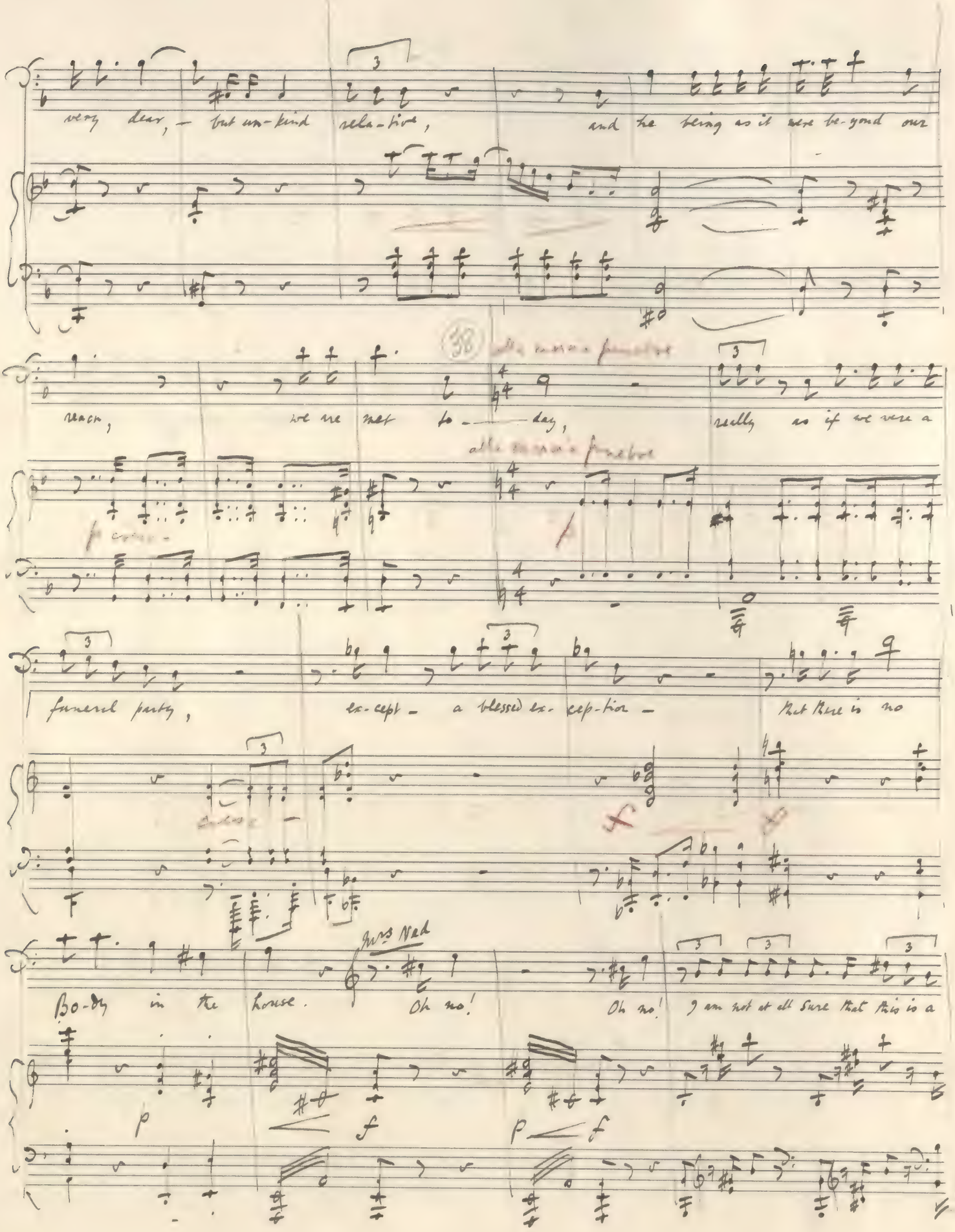
It is to be la-ment-ed —

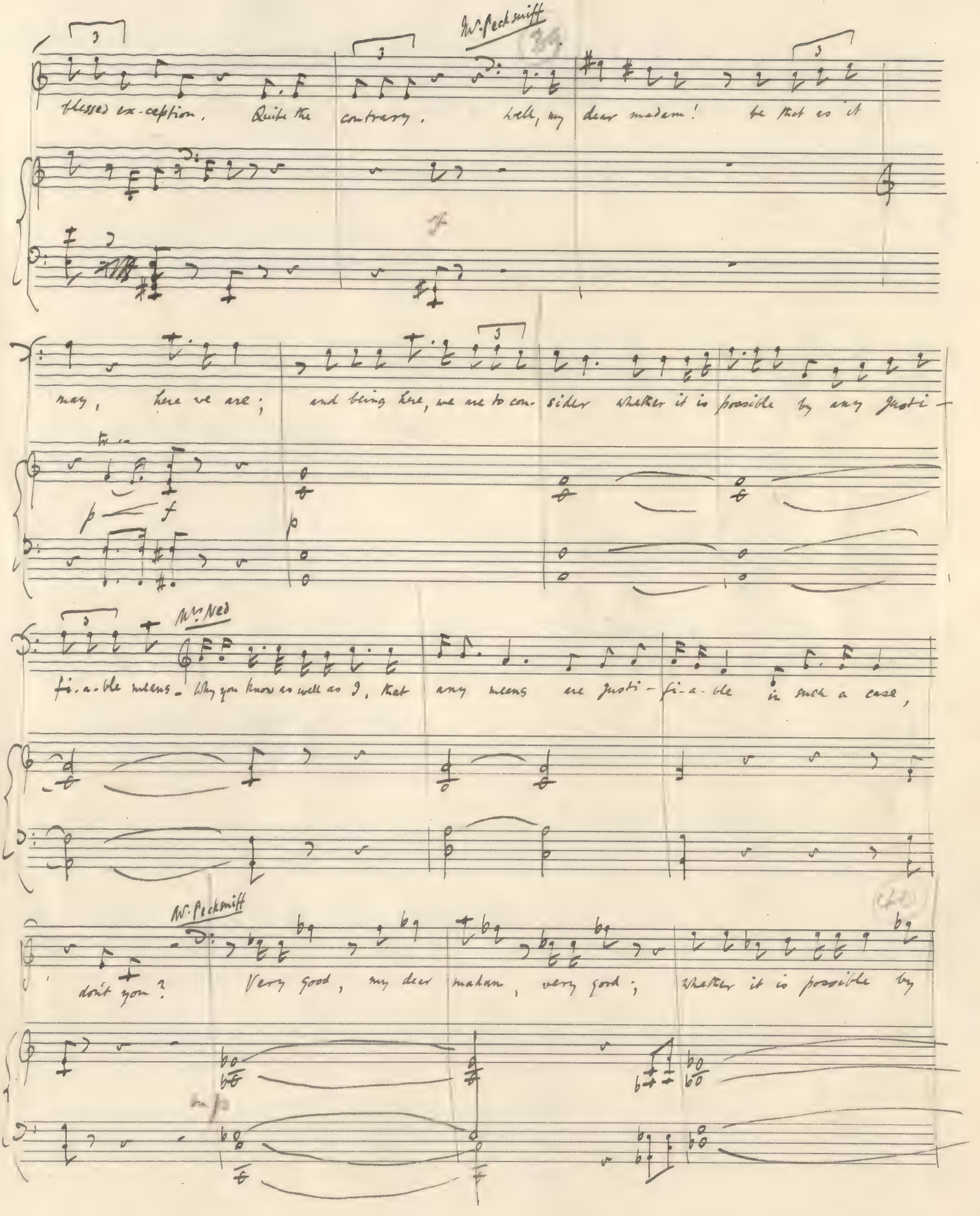
— that our friend should have withdrawn himself — so hastily, though we have cause for mu-tu-al —

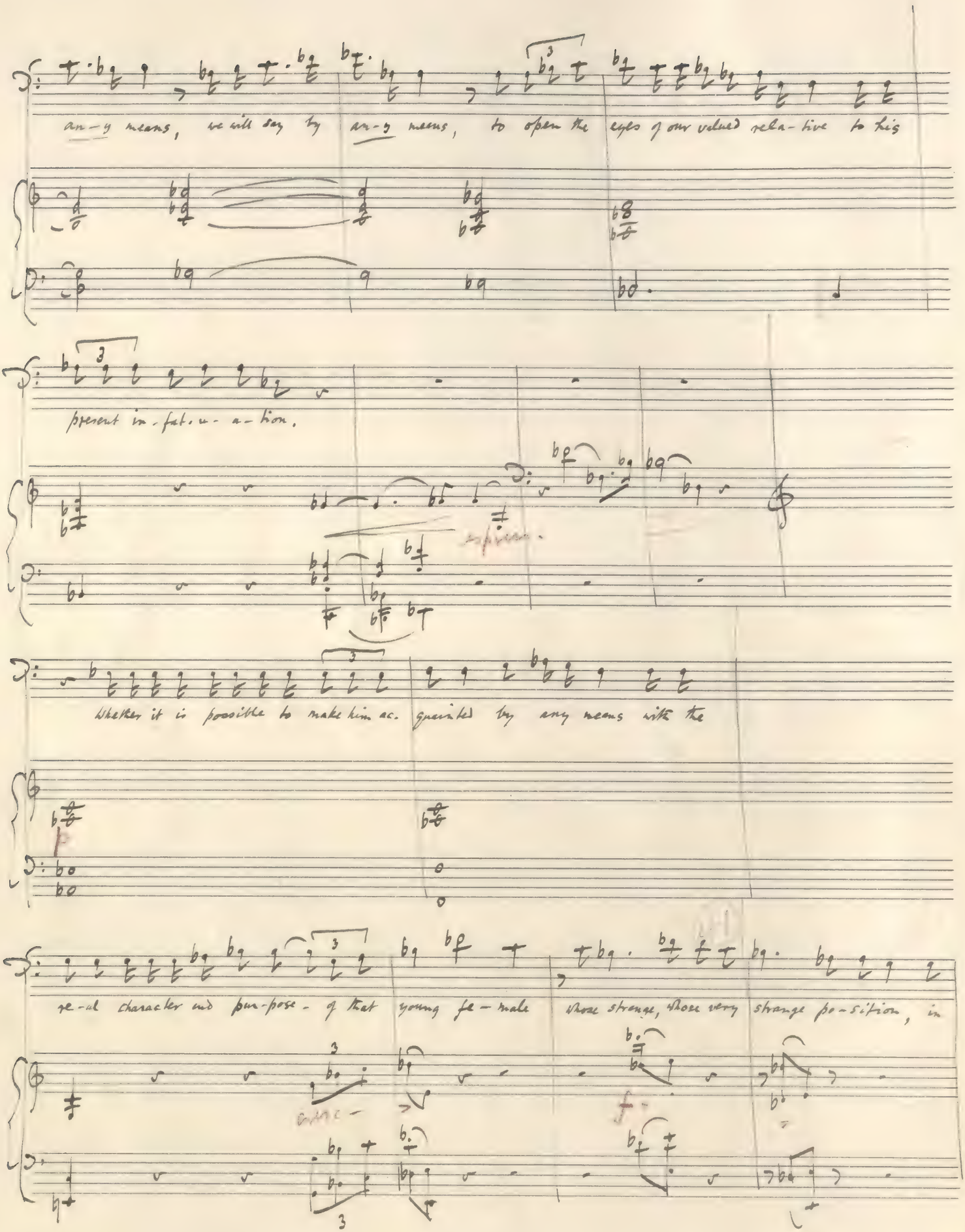


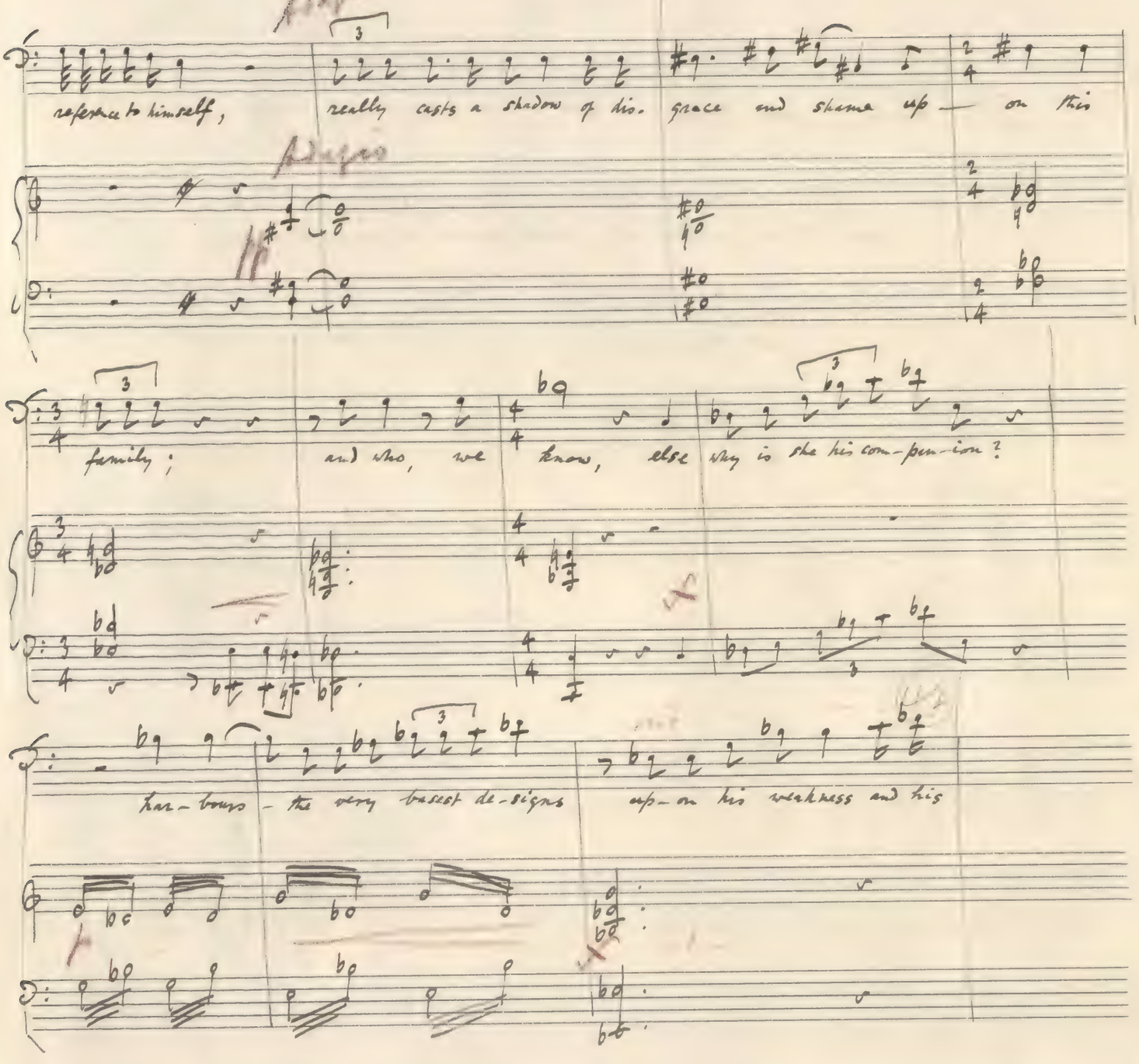

- con-gra-tu-la-tion
even in that,
since
we are as-sured that
he is not dis-trust-ful of
us in re-gard to
anything we may say or do, while he is ab-sent.
Now, that is very soothing, is it not?
Peck-sniff,
don't you be a
hypo-crite.
A
what, my good sir?

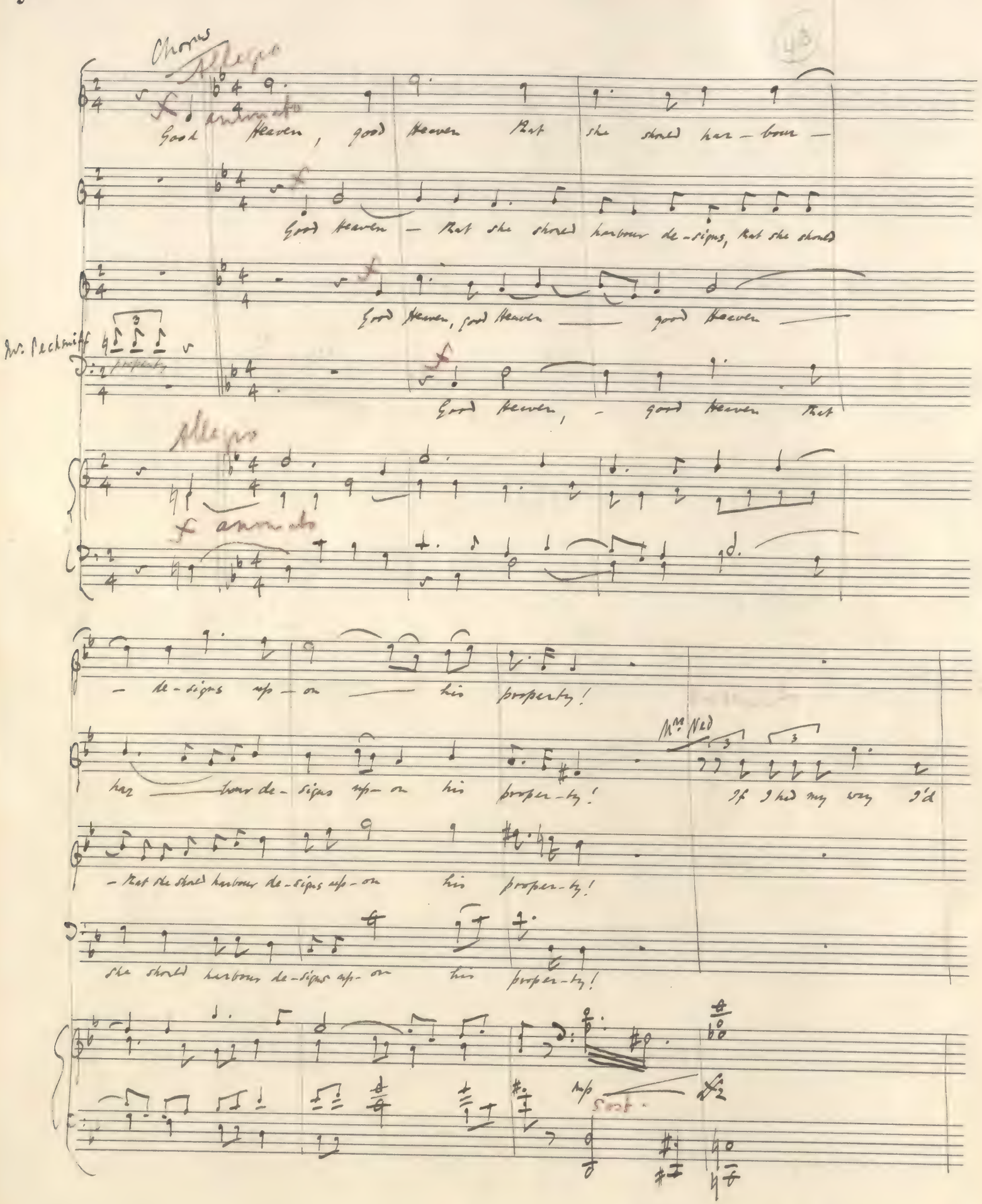

Anthony Chuzzlewit
Pecksniff
A hypo-crite
Cha-ri-ty, my dear, when I
take my chamber candle-stick to-night,
re-mind me to be more than usual-ly par-
tic-u-lar in praying for Mr Anthony
Chuzzlewit;
who has
done me an in-jus-tice.
All our thoughts cen-tring in our
(37)


very dear, — but un-kind rela-tive, and he being as it were be-yond our
reach, we are met to — day, really as if we were a
funeral party, ex-cept — a blessed ex-cep-tion — that there is no
Bo-dy in the house. Mrs Ned Oh no! Oh no! I am not at all sure that this is a


W. Pecksniff
blessed ex-ception. Quite the contrary. Well, my dear madam! be that as it
may, here we are; and being here, we are to con-sider whether it is possible by any justi-
Mrs Ned
fi-a-ble means. Why you know as well as I, that any means are justi-fi-a-ble in such a case,
W. Pecksniff
don't you? Very good, my dear madam, very good; whether it is possible by


an-y means, we will say by an-y means, to open the eyes of our valued rela-tive to his
present in-fat-u-a-tion,
espress.
whether it is possible to make him ac- quainted by any means with the
P
re-al character and pur-pose of that young fe-male whose strange, whose very strange po-sition, in
cresc-
f-


reference to himself,
really casts a shadow of dis- grace and shame up — on this
family;
and who, we know, else why is she his com-pan-ion?
har- bours - the very basest de-signs
up- on his weakness and his


Chorus
Allegro
f animato
Good Heaven, good Heaven that she should har-bour
Good Heaven — that she should harbour de-signs, that she should
Good Heaven, good Heaven — good Heaven —
Mr. Peachum
Good Heaven, — good Heaven that
Allegro
f animato
— de-signs up-on his property!
har — bour de-signs up-on his proper-ty!
Mrs. Ned
If I had my way I'd
— that she should harbour de-signs up-on his proper-ty!
she should harbour de-signs up-on his proper-ty!
Sarah

Chorus & Mercy

Mrs. Ned's daughters

She ought to be flogg'd.

Prison, prison! that's where she ought to be!

Chorus

Good

pri-son her.

Prison, prison! that's where she ought to be!

Chorus

Good

Chorus

Good Heaven, de-

Chorus

Good Heaven, good Heaven that she should

Heaven, de-signs — up-on his proper-ty!

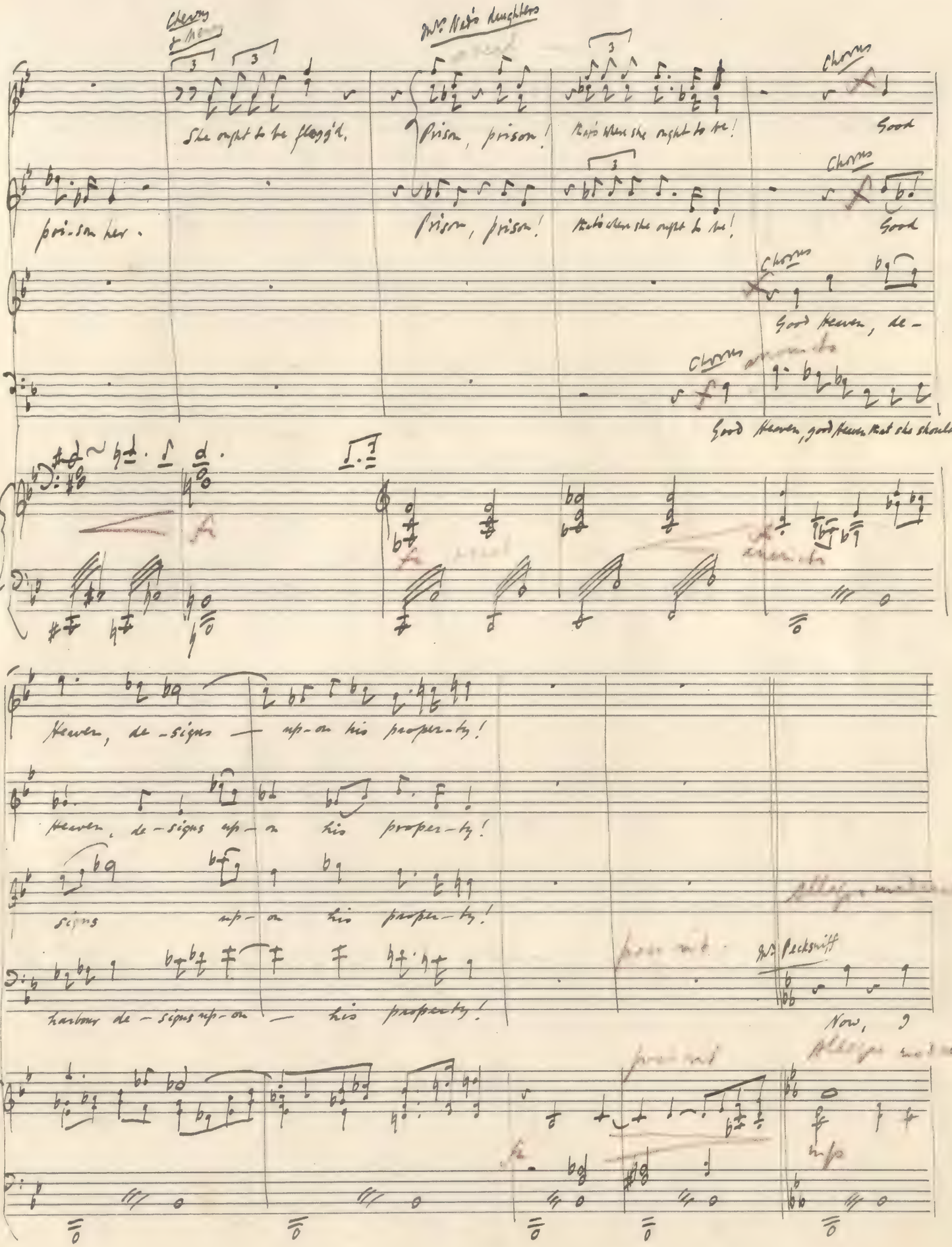
Heaven, de-signs up-on his proper-ty!

signs up-on his proper-ty!

harbour de-signs up-on — his property!

Mrs. Pecksniff

Now, I



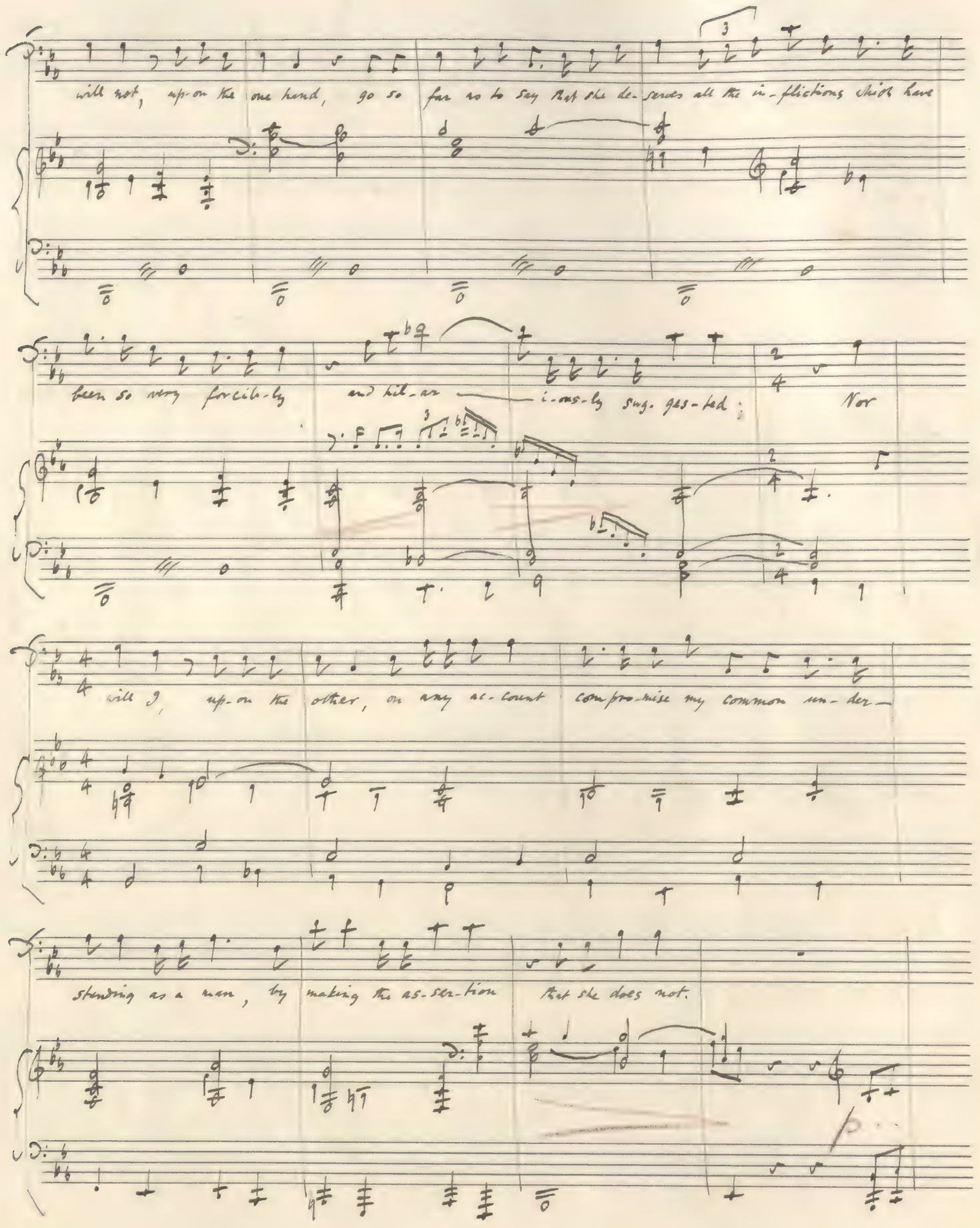
will not, up-on the one hand, go so far as to say that she de-serves all the in-flictions which have

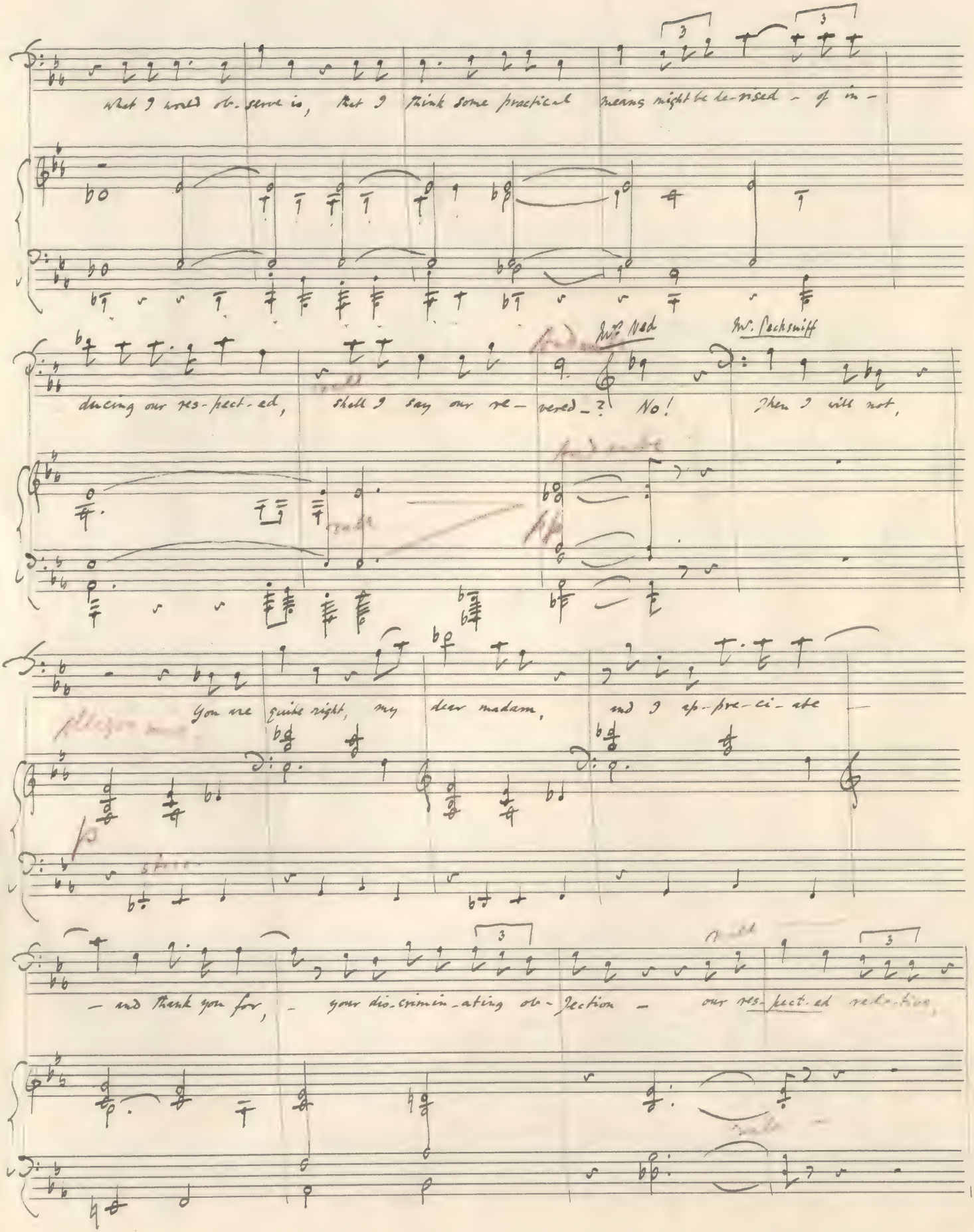
been so very forcib-ly and hil-ar — i-ous-ly sug-ges-ted; Nor

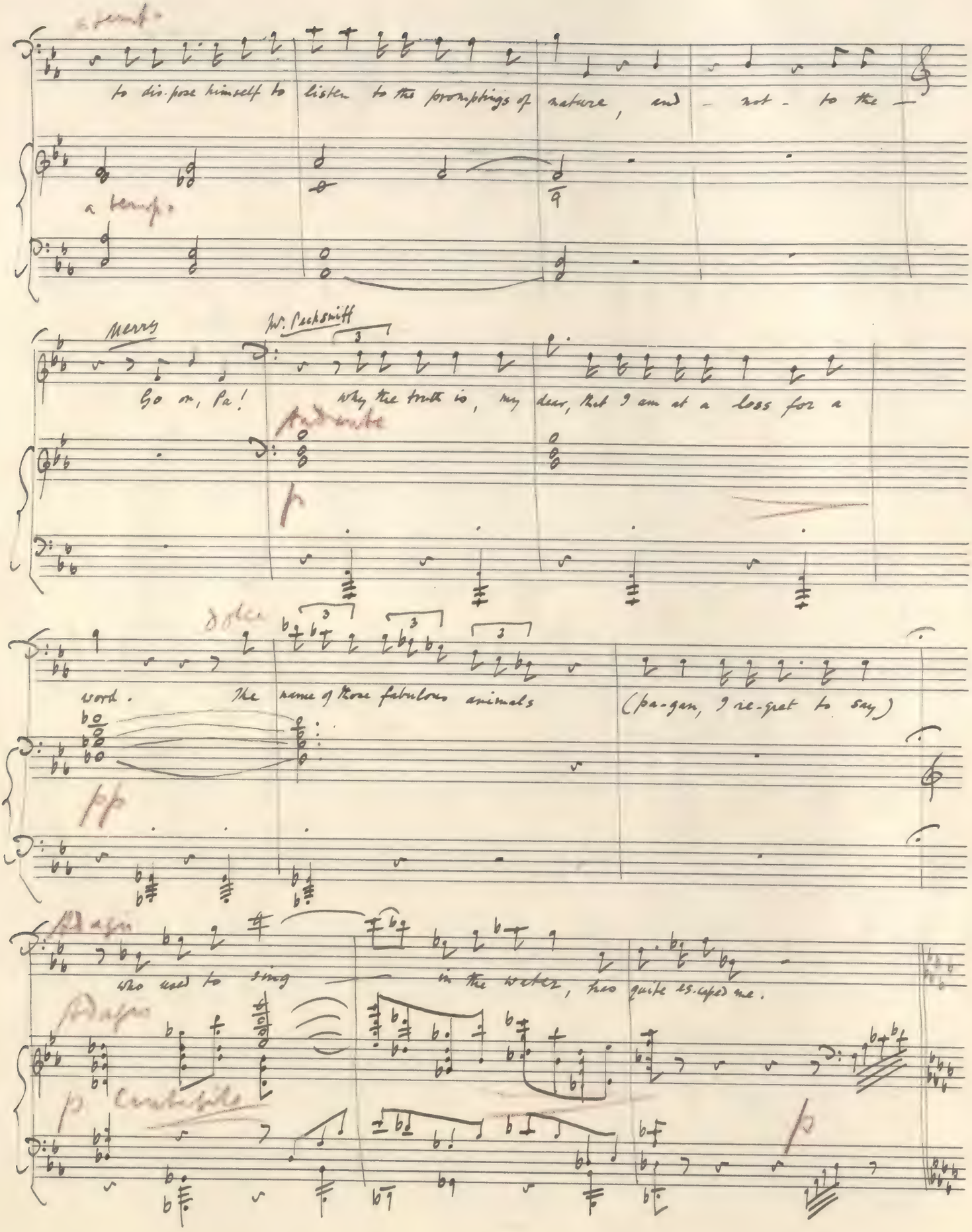
will I, up-on the other, on any ac-count compro-mise my common un-der-

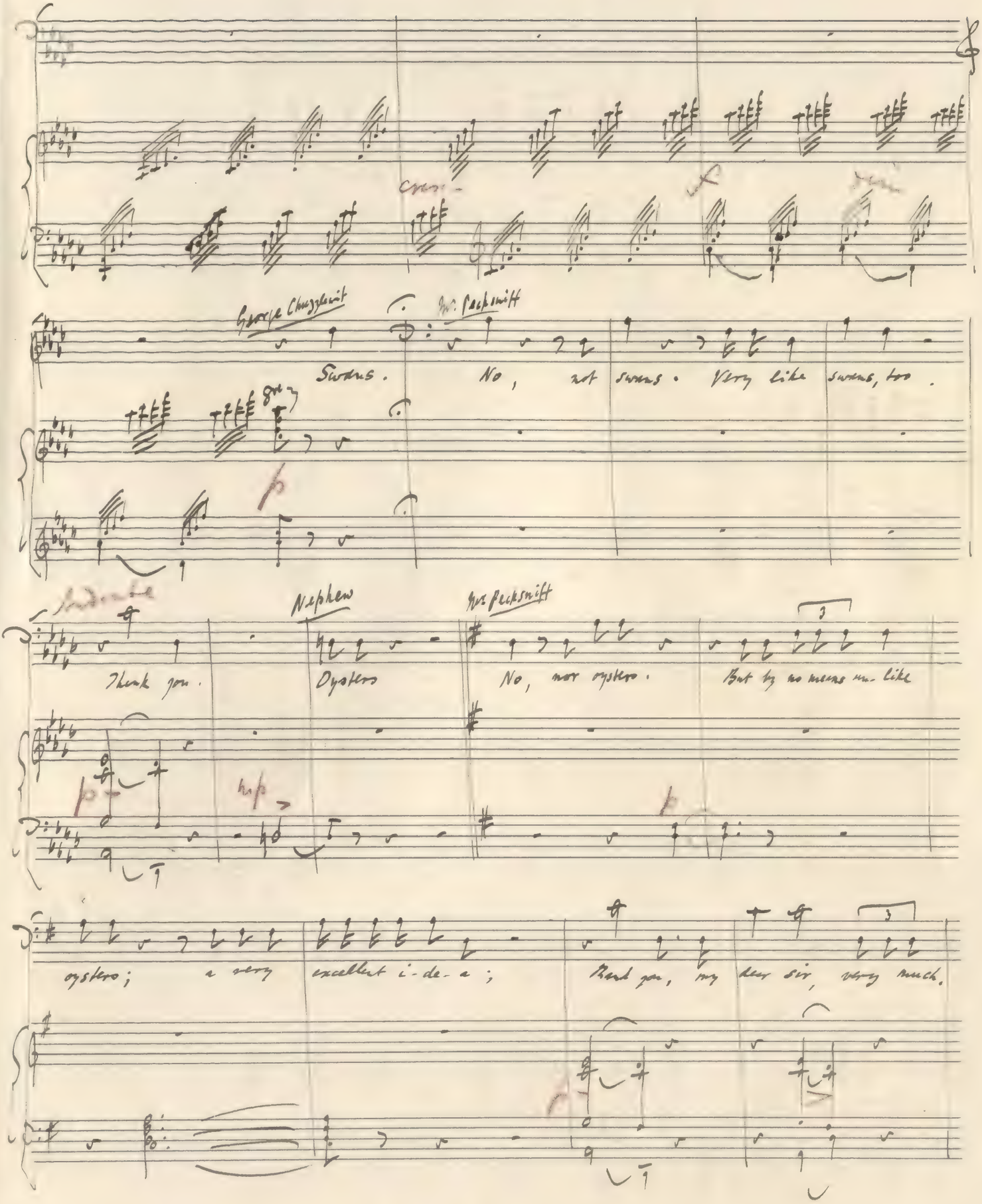
standing as a man, by making the as-ser-tion that she does not.

p




What I would ob-serve is, that I think some practical means might be de-rised - of in-
ducing our res-pect-ed, shall I say our re-vered-? No!
Mr. Ned
Mr. Pecksniff
Then I will not,
You are quite right, my dear madam, and I ap-pre-ci-ate -
- and thank you for, - your dis-crimin-ating ob-jection - our res-pect-ed relative,


a tempo
to dis-pose himself to listen to the promptings of nature, and - not - to the -
a tempo
Mervs
Go on, Pa!
Mr. Peckswiff
why the truth is, my dear, that I am at a loss for a
word.
The name of those fabulous animals
(pa-gan, I re-gret to say)
who used to sing
in the water, has quite es-caped me.
Cantabile


cresc.
George Chrysheit
Mr. Pecksniff
Swans.
No, not swans. Very like swans, too.
Nephew
Mr. Pecksniff
Think you.
Oysters
No, not oysters.
But by no means un-like
oysters; a very excellent i-de-a;
Read you, my dear sir, very much.

Adagio

wait! Si — rens. Dear me! si — rens, of

Adagio

p f mp

course. I think, I say, that means might be de-vised of dis-posing our respect-ed

Mod. Adagio

p

relative to listen to the promptings of na-ture, and not to the si —

Adagio

rall.

p cresc.

rall.

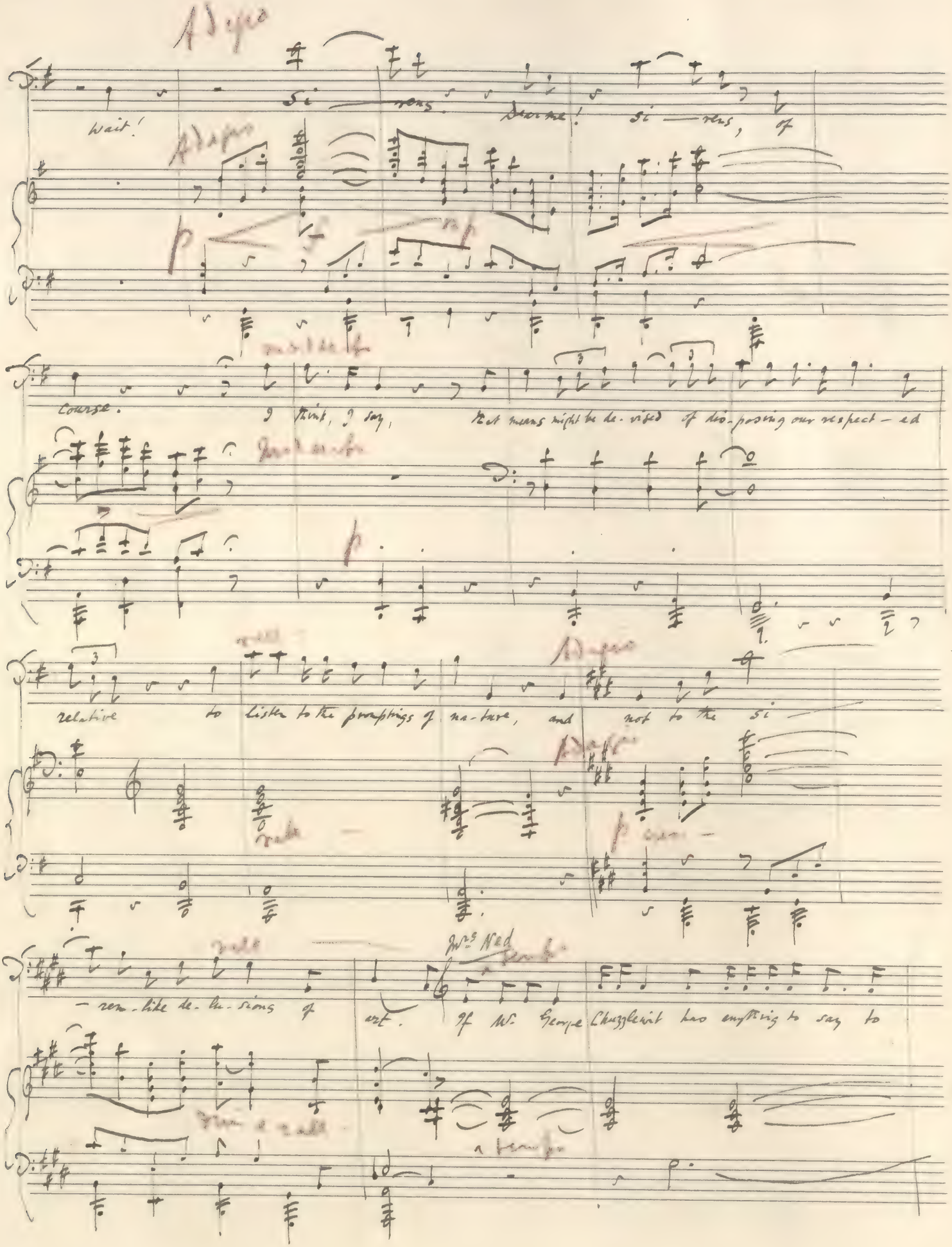
— rem-like de-lu-sions of art. If Mr. George Chuzzlewit has anything to say to

Mrs Ned

a tempo

Dim. e rall.

a tempo



me, I beg him to speak out like a man; and not to look at me and my daughters as

if he could eat us.

Allegro

Allegro

Mr. George Chuzzlewit

As to looking, I have heard it said, Mrs. Ned, that a

f

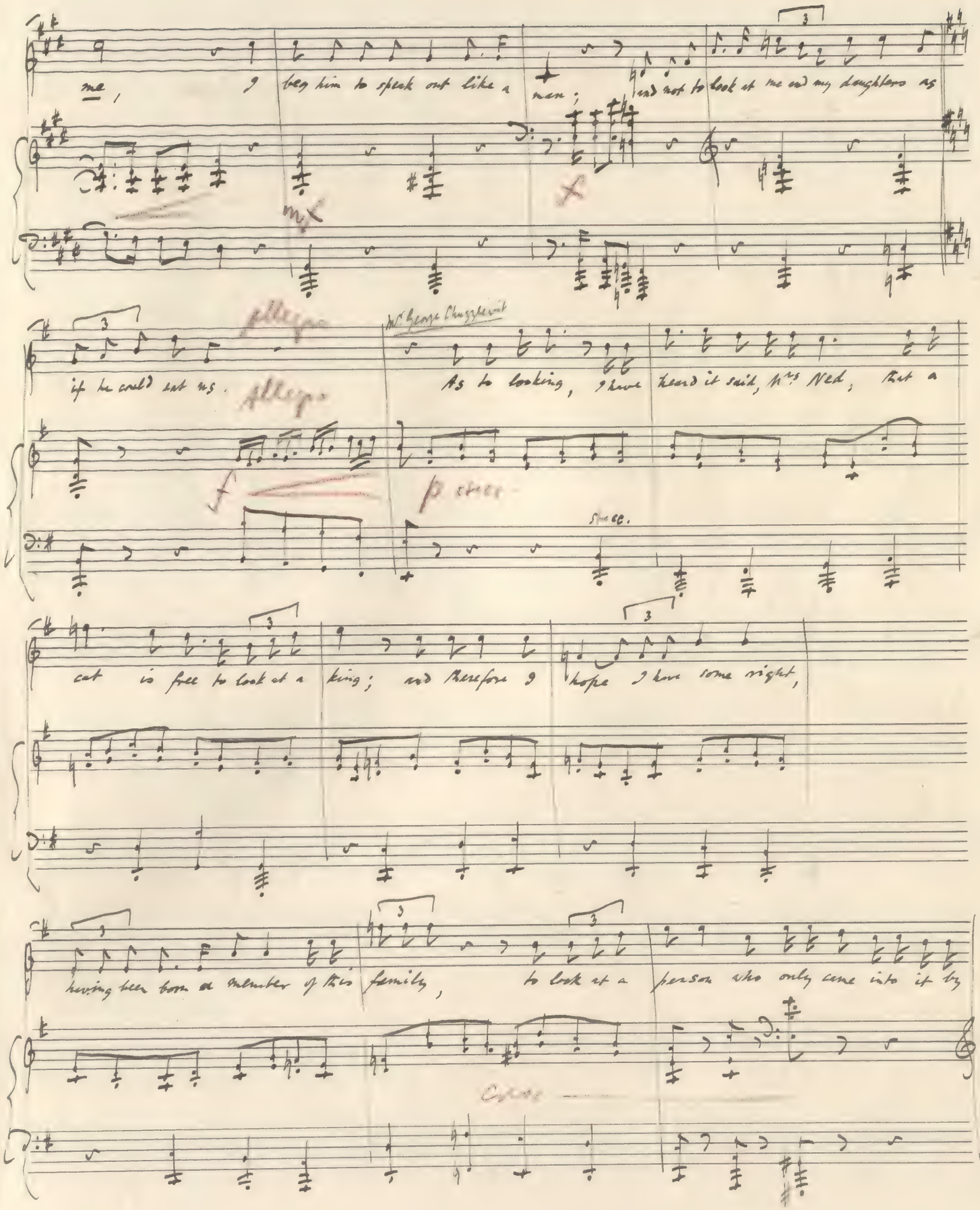
p stacc.

stacc.

cat is free to look at a king; and therefore I hope I have some right,

having been born a member of this family, to look at a person who only came into it by

Cresc.



marriage. As to eating, I beg to say, whatever bitterness your jealousies

and disap-pointed ex-pect-ta-tions may suggest to you, that I am not a cannibal, ma'am.

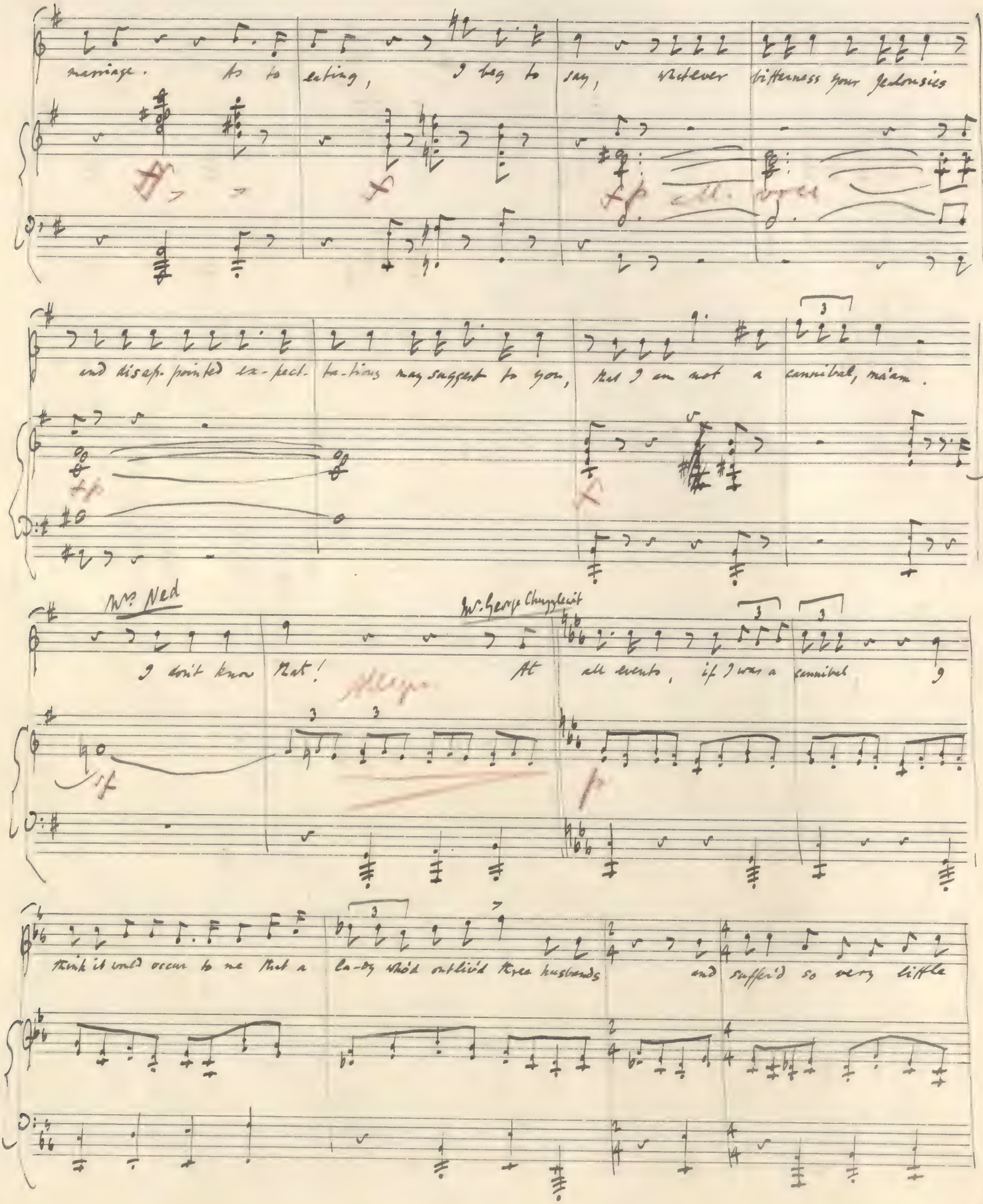
Mrs Ned

I don't know that!

Mr. George Chuzzlewit

At all events, if I was a cannibal, I

think it would occur to me that a la-dy who'd outliv'd three husbands and suffer'd so very little



from their loss, must – be most un-com-mon-ly tough.

cresc –

sf sf

cresc – –

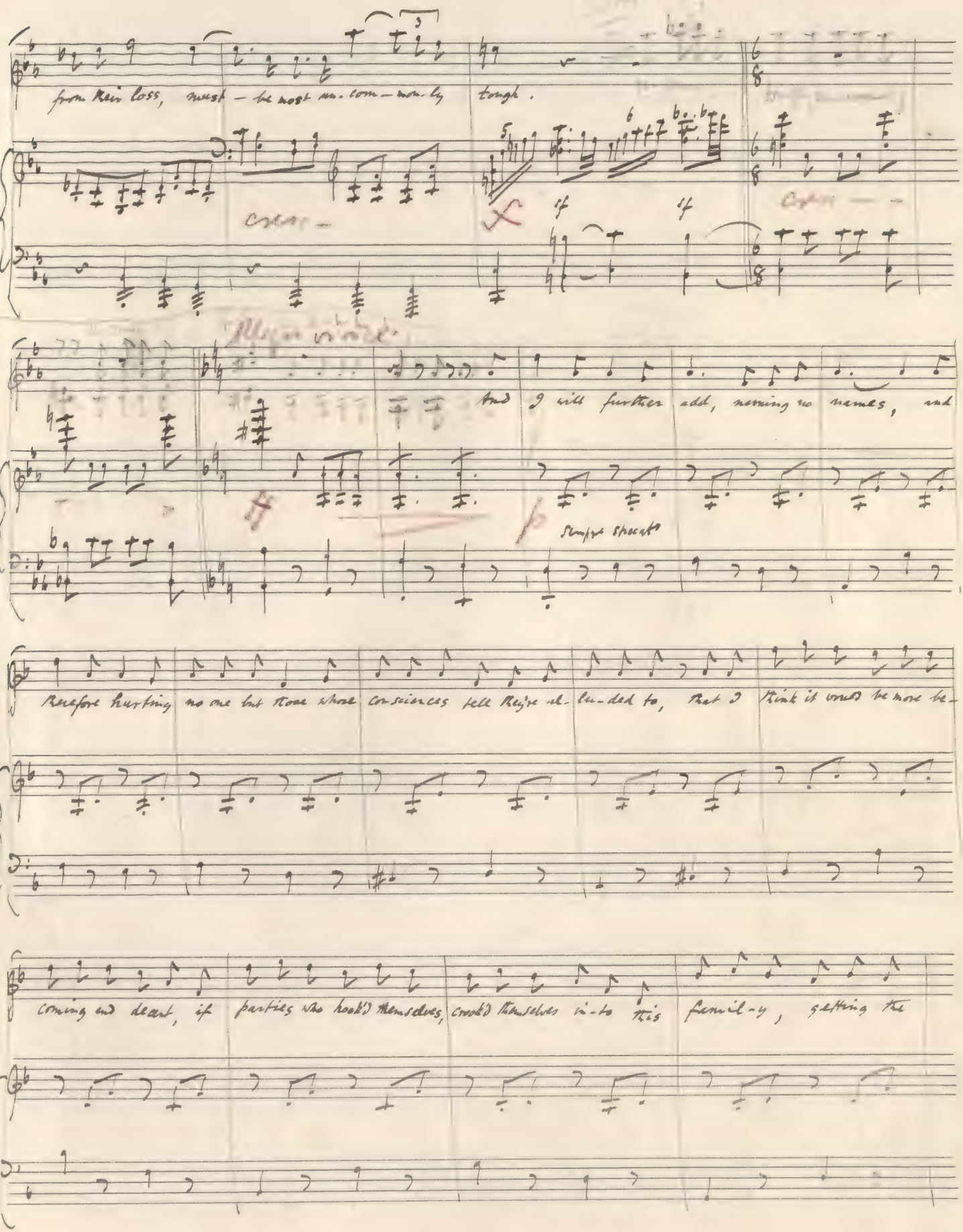
And I will further add, naming no names, and

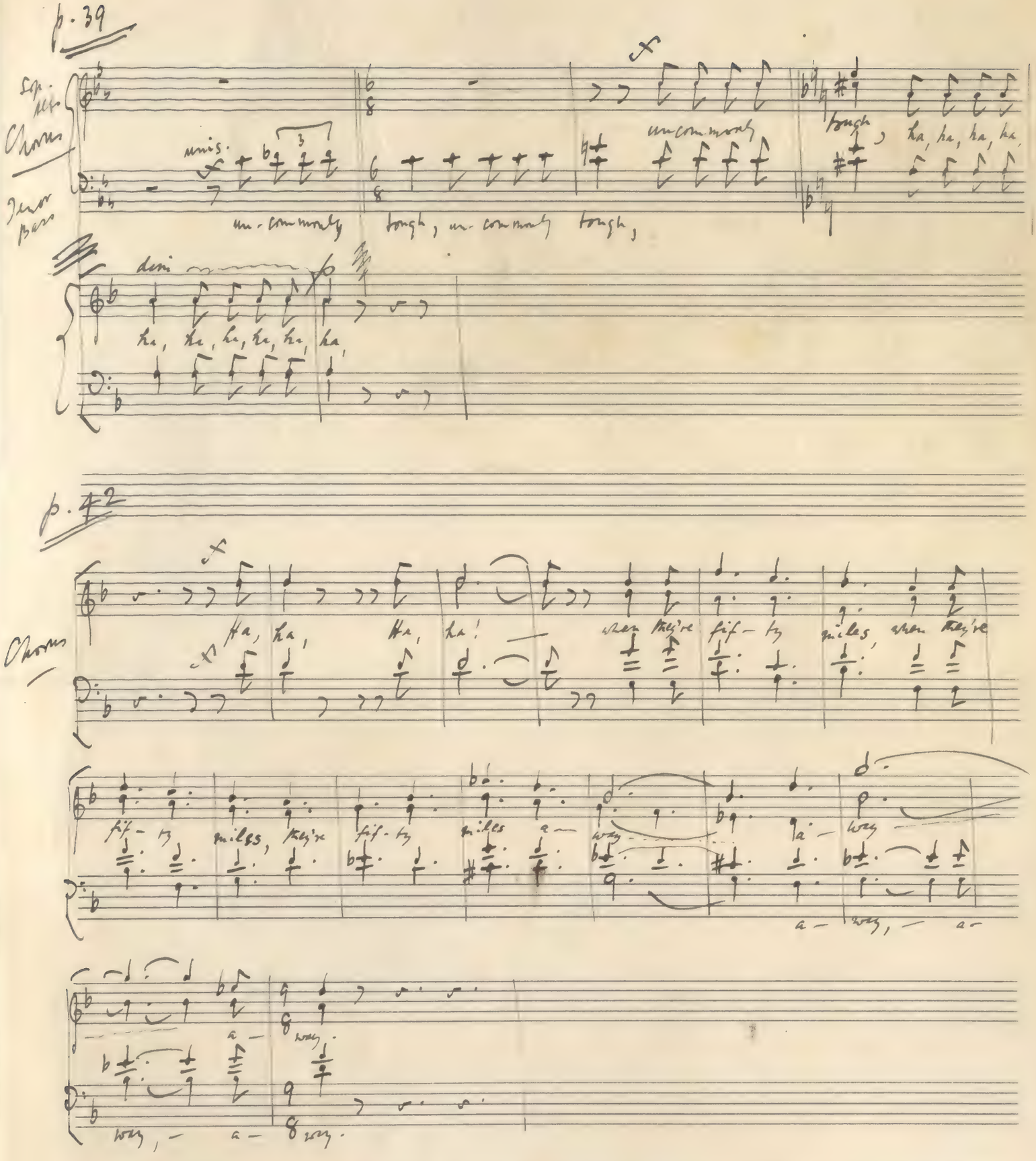
p

sempre staccato

therefore hurting no one but those whose consciences tell they're al-lu-ded to, that I think it would be more be-

coming and decent, if parties who hook'd themselves, crook'd themselves in-to this famil-y, getting the





p. 39

Sop. Alto Chorus

Tenor Bass

unis.

un-commonly tough, un-commonly tough,

uncommonly tough, ha, ha, ha, ha,

dim

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

p. 42

Chorus

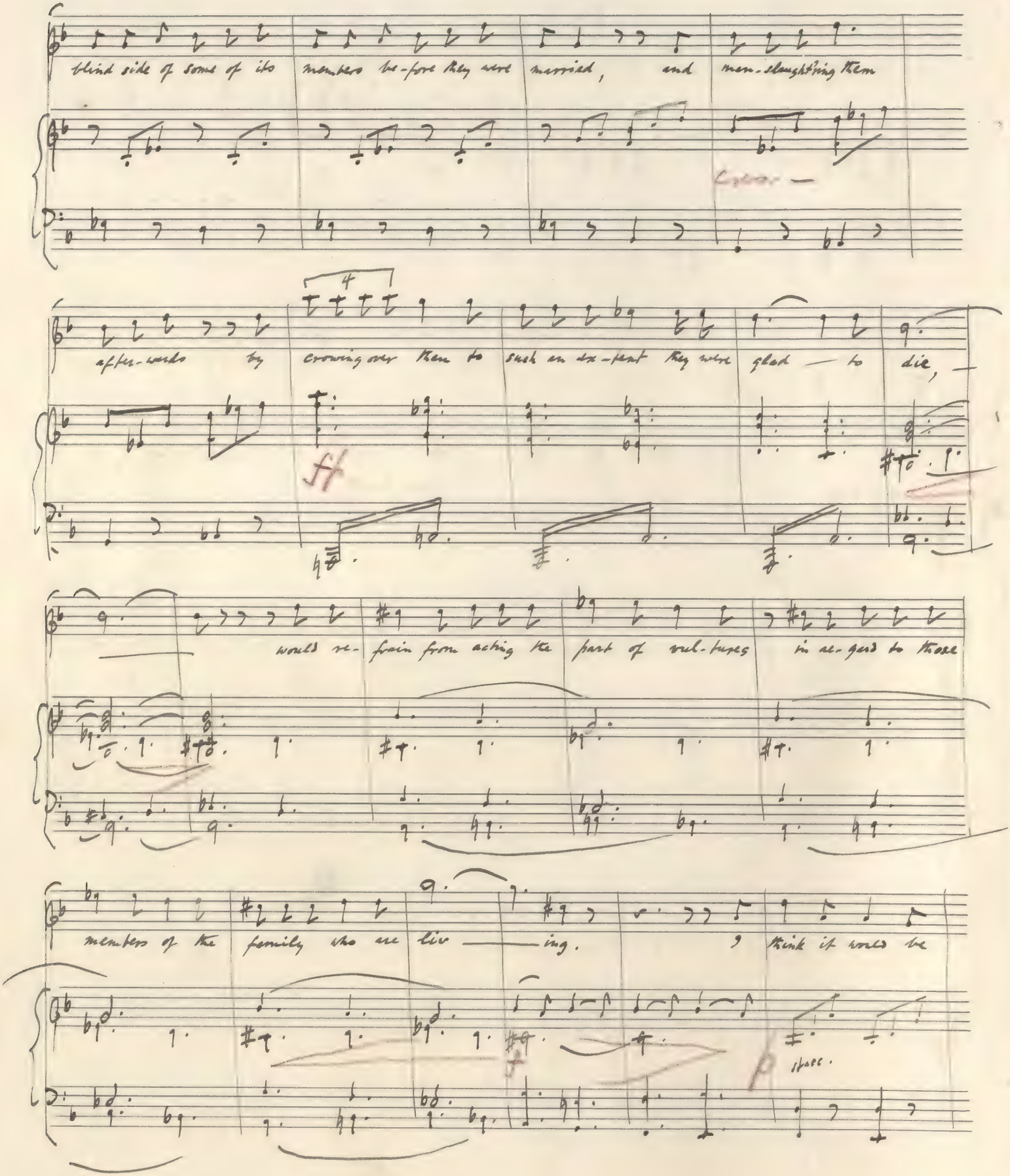
Ha, ha, Ha, ha! when they're fif-ty miles, when they're

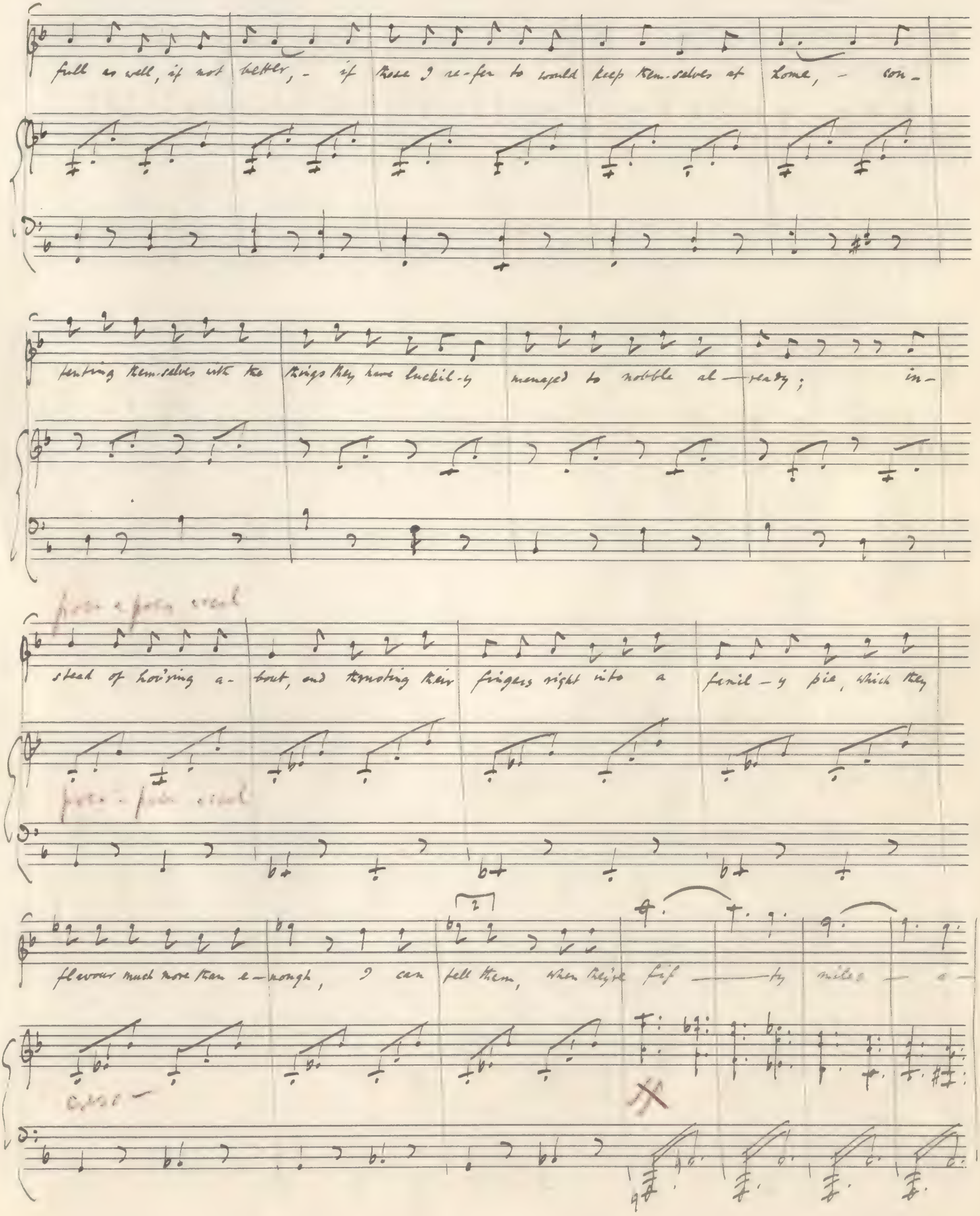
fif-ty miles, they're fif-ty miles a-way a-way

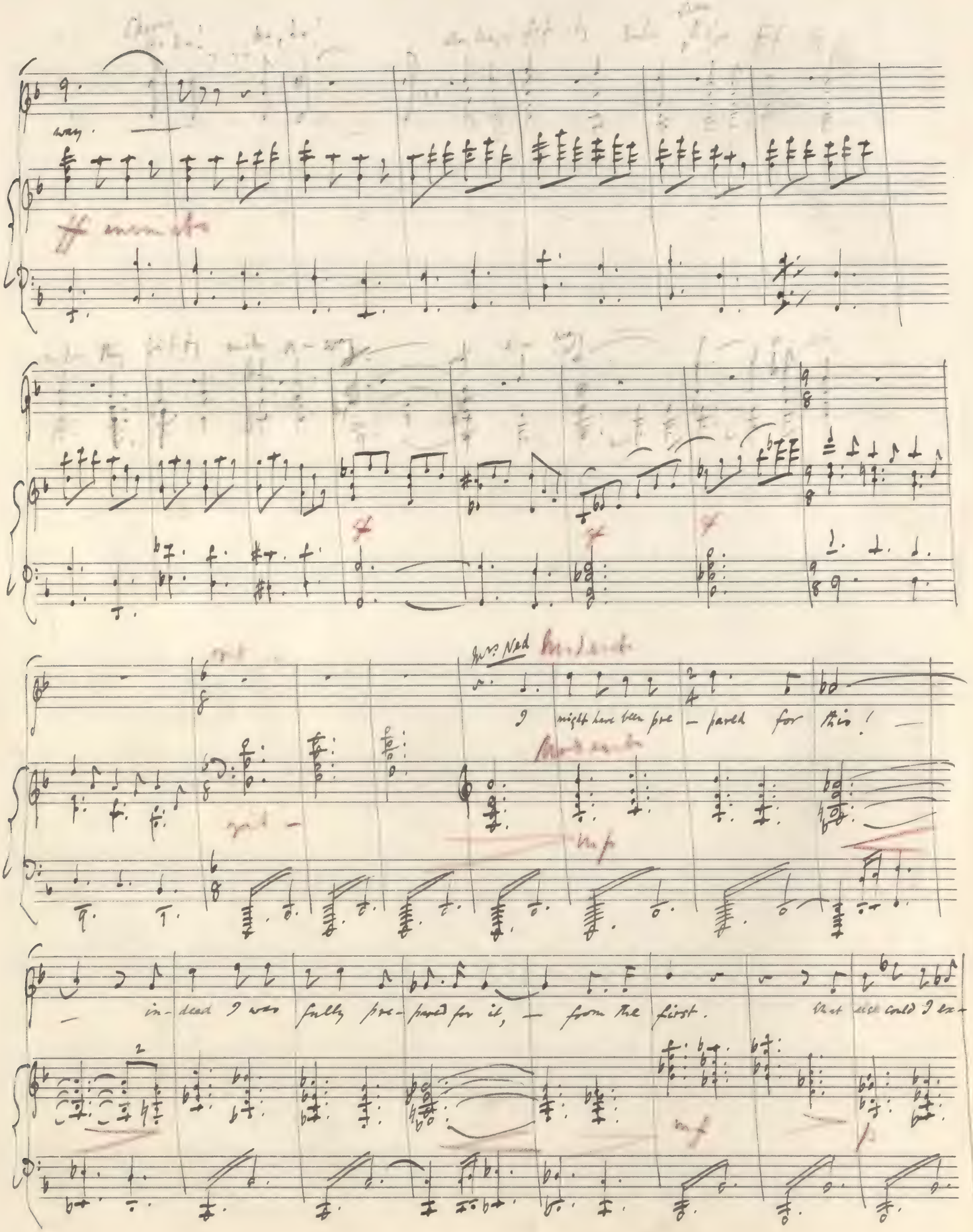
a-way, a-

a-way.

way, a-way.


blind side of some of its members be-fore they were married, and men-slaughtering them
after-wards by crowding over them to such an ex-tent they were glad — to die, —
ff
would re-frain from acting the part of vul-tures in re-gard to those
members of the family who are liv — ing. I think it would be


full as well, if not better, - if those I re-fer to would keep them-selves at home, - con-
tenting them-selves with the things they have luckil-y managed to nobble al-ready; in-
poor a poor creal
stead of hov'ring a-bout, and thrusting their fingers right into a famil-y pie, which they
poor - poor creal
flavour much more than e-nough, I can tell them, when they're fif-ty miles - a-
cross -


I might have been pre – pared for this! —
— in – deed I was fully pre – pared for it, — from the first.
But how could I ex –

Cherry

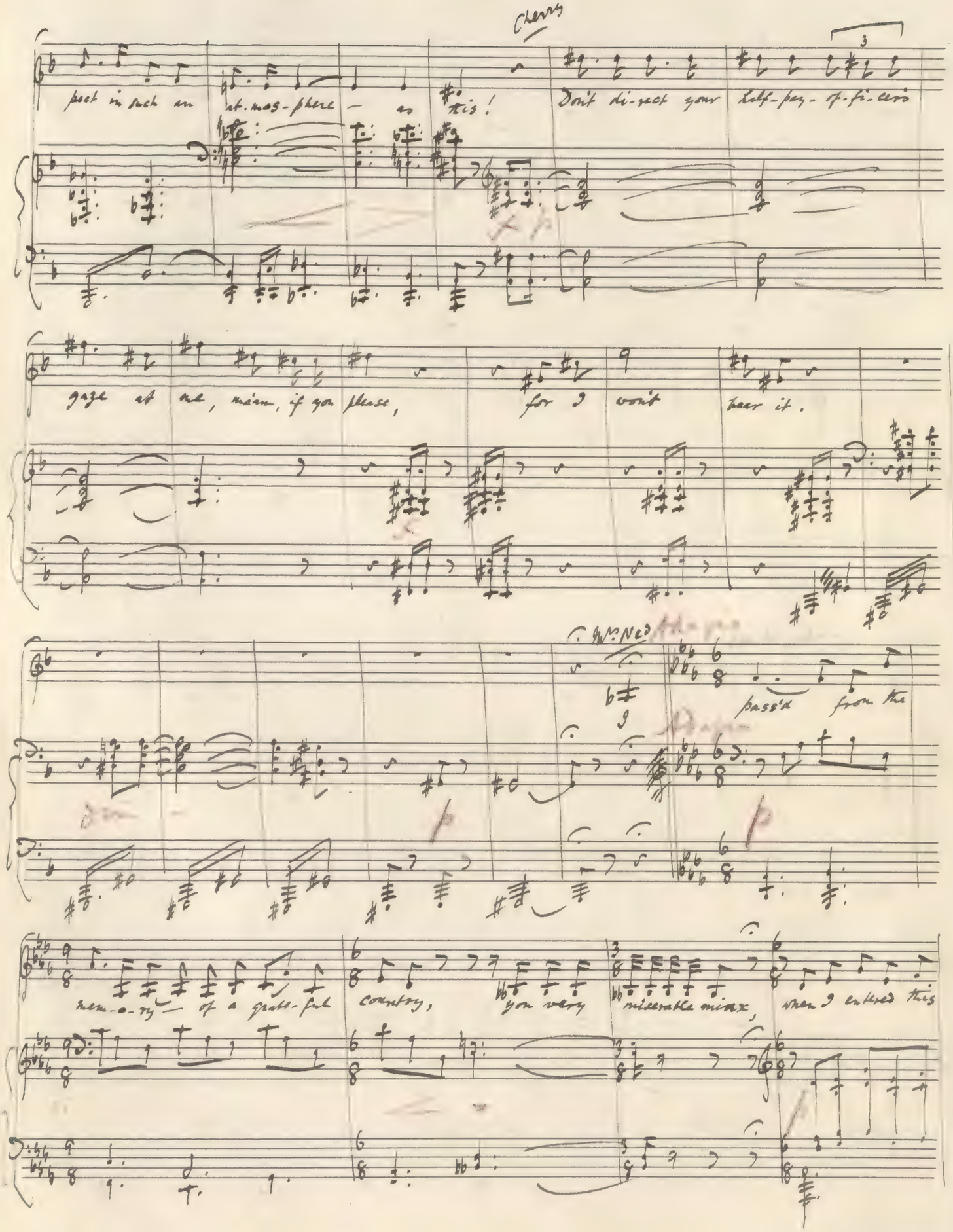
pect in such an at-mos-phere — as this! Don't di-rect your half-pay-of-fi-cers

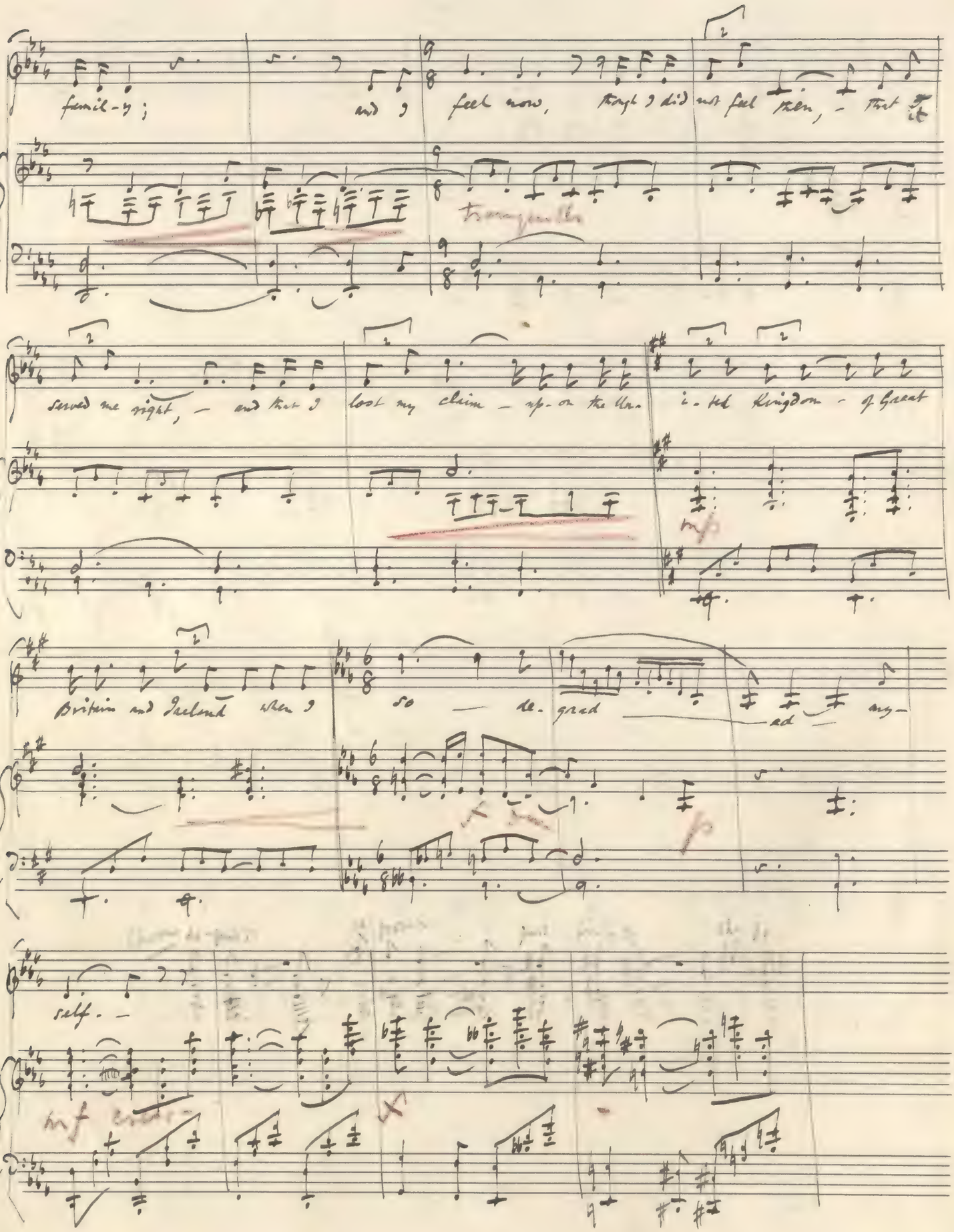
gaze at me, ma'am, if you please, for I won't bear it.

Mrs. Ned

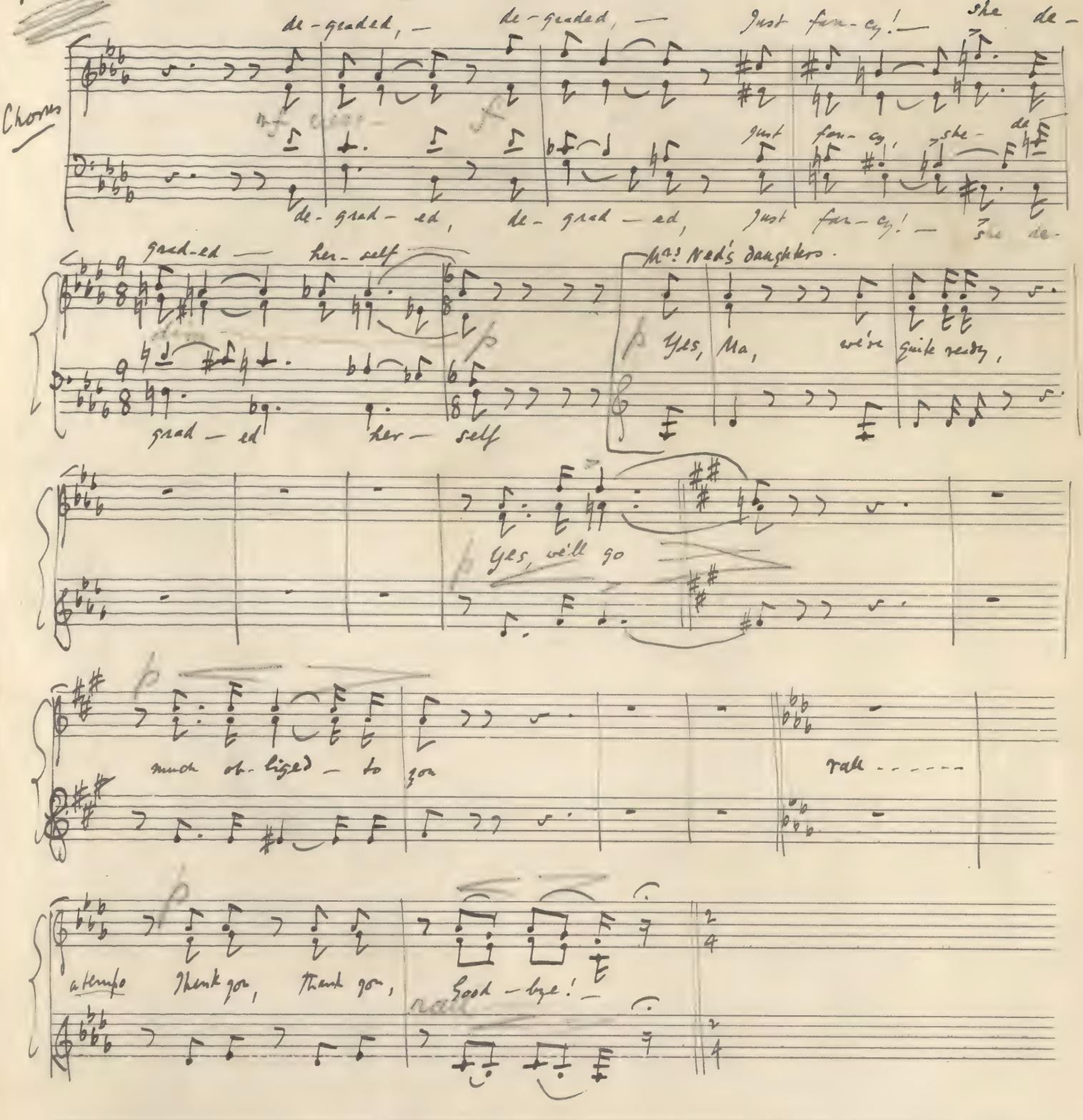
pass'd from the

mem-o-ry — of a grate-ful country, you very miserable minx, when I entered this




famil-y;
and I
feel now,
though I did not feel then, - that it
tranquillo
served me right, - and that I
lost my claim - up-on the Un-
i-ted Kingdom - of Great
mp
Britain and Ireland when I
so - de-grad - ed my-
self. -
mf

p. 44


Chorus
de-graded, — de-graded, — Just fan-cy! — She de-
de-grad-ed, de-grad-ed, Just fan-cy! — She de-
grad-ed — her-self
grad-ed her-self
Mrs. Ned's daughters.
Yes, Ma, we're quite ready,
Yes, will go
much ob-liged — to you
rall.....
attempo Thank you, thank you, Good-bye! —
rall

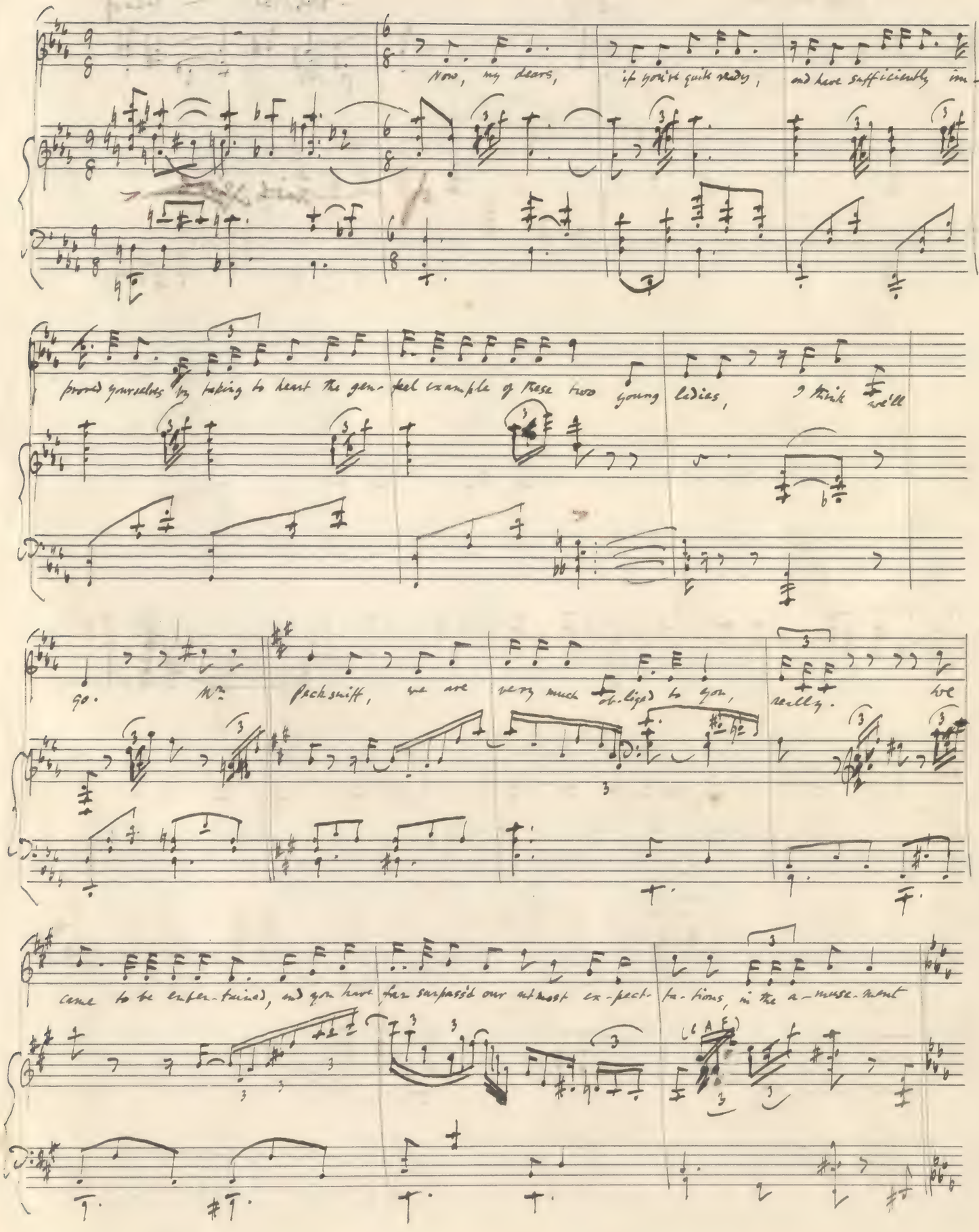
Now, my dears, if you're quite ready, and have sufficiently im-

proved yourselves by taking to heart the gen-feel example of these two young ladies, I think we'll

go. Mr. Pecksniff, we are very much ob-liged to you, really. We

came to be enter-tained, and you have far surpass'd our utmost ex-pect-ta-tions, in the a-muse-ment

(C A F)



rall — a tempo — rall — allegro

you have pro-vid-ed for us. Thank you. Good — bye!

allegro

a tempo rall

p

Chorus

p cresc

what's this, what's this, what's this!

p

cresc

f

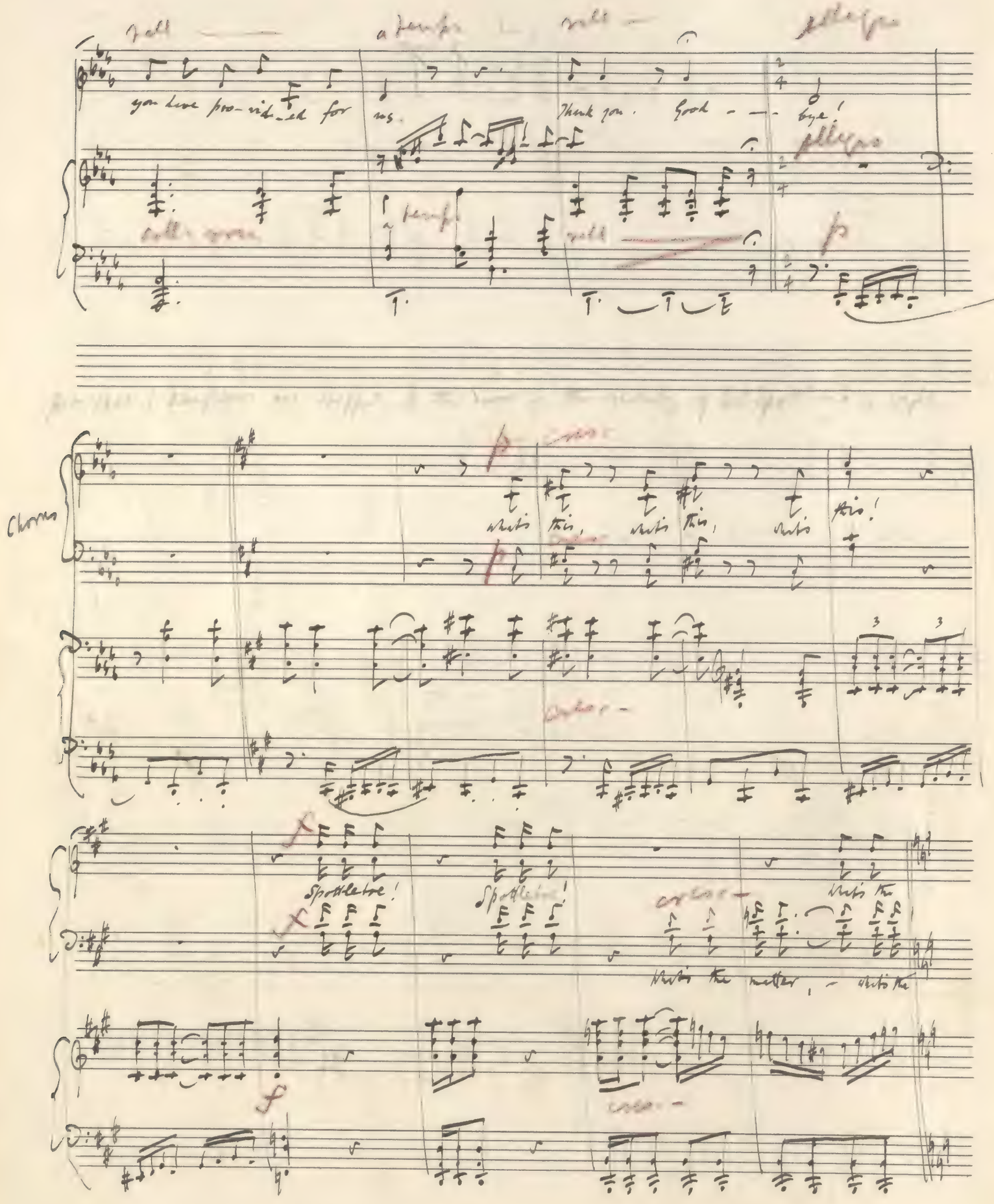
Spottletoe! Spottletoe!

cresc

what's the matter, — what's the

f

cresc



Mr. Pecksniff

My good sir!

Mr. Spottletoe

Oh yes! yes, certainly, to be sure! Oh of

horns

matter!

matter!

course!

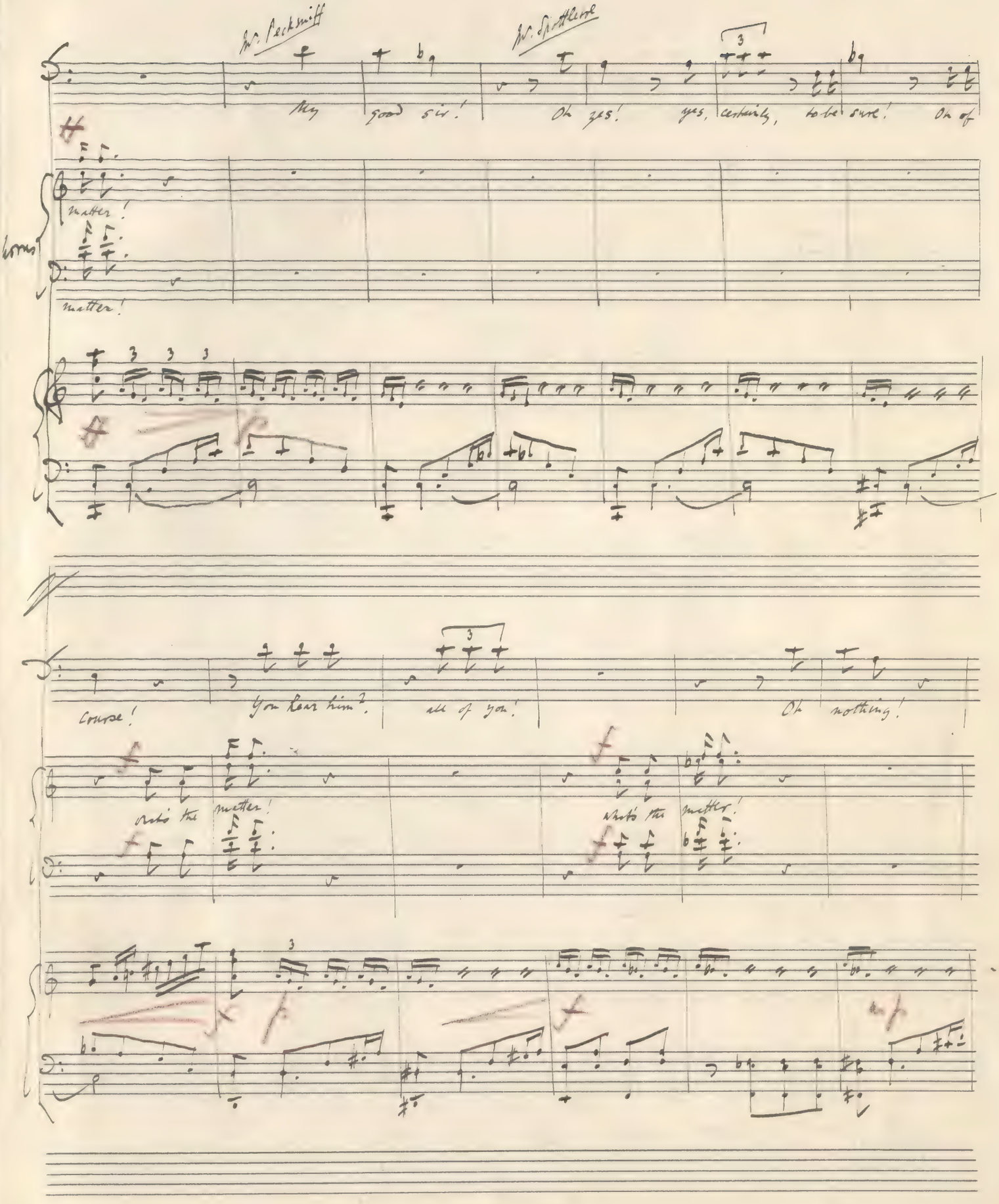
You hear him?

all of you!

Oh nothing!

what's the matter!

what's the matter!



Mr. Spottletoe

nothing at all! Ask him! He'll tell you! I don't under-

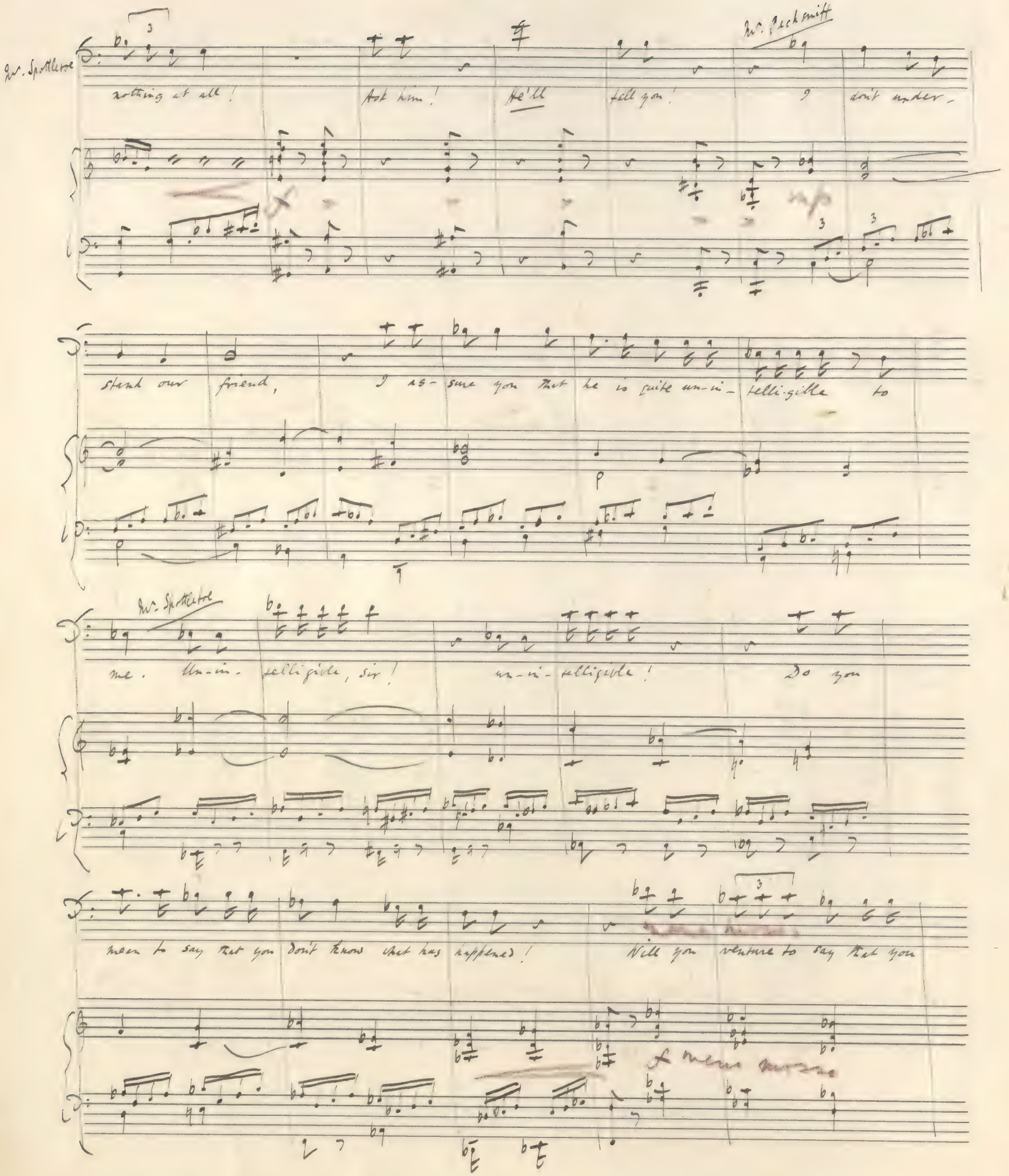
Mr. Pecksniff

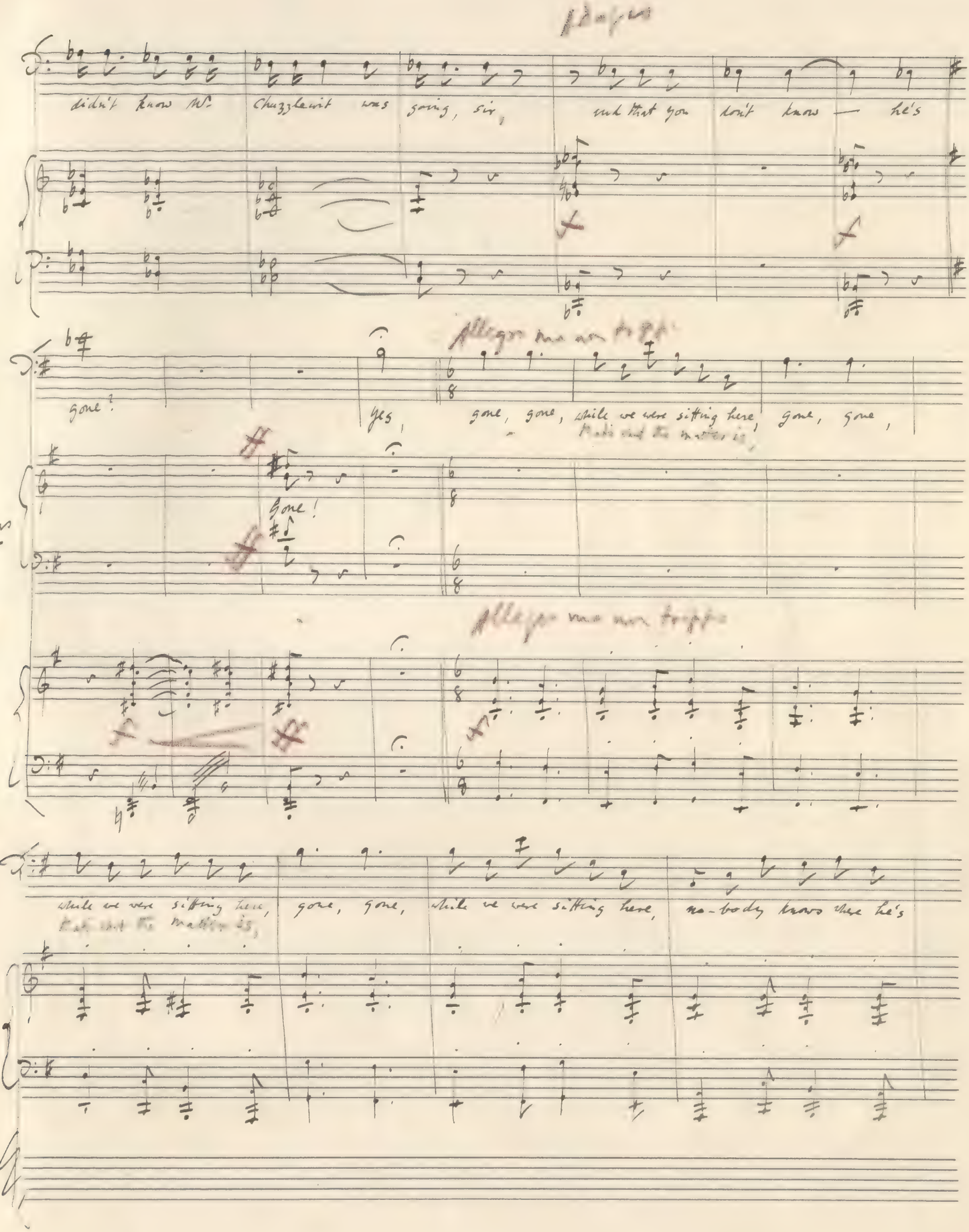
stand our friend, I as-sure you that he is quite un-in-telli-gible to

Mr. Spottletoe

me. Un-in-telligible, sir! un-in-telligible! Do you

mean to say that you don't know what has happened! Will you venture to say that you




didn't know Mr. Chuzzlewit was going, sir,
and that you don't know — he's
gone?
Yes, gone, gone, while we were sitting here, gone, gone,
Gone!
Chorus
while we were sitting here, gone, gone, while we were sitting here, nobody knows where he's

Mr. Spottleton

gone. No-body knew he was going, oh, nobody knew he was

Chorus

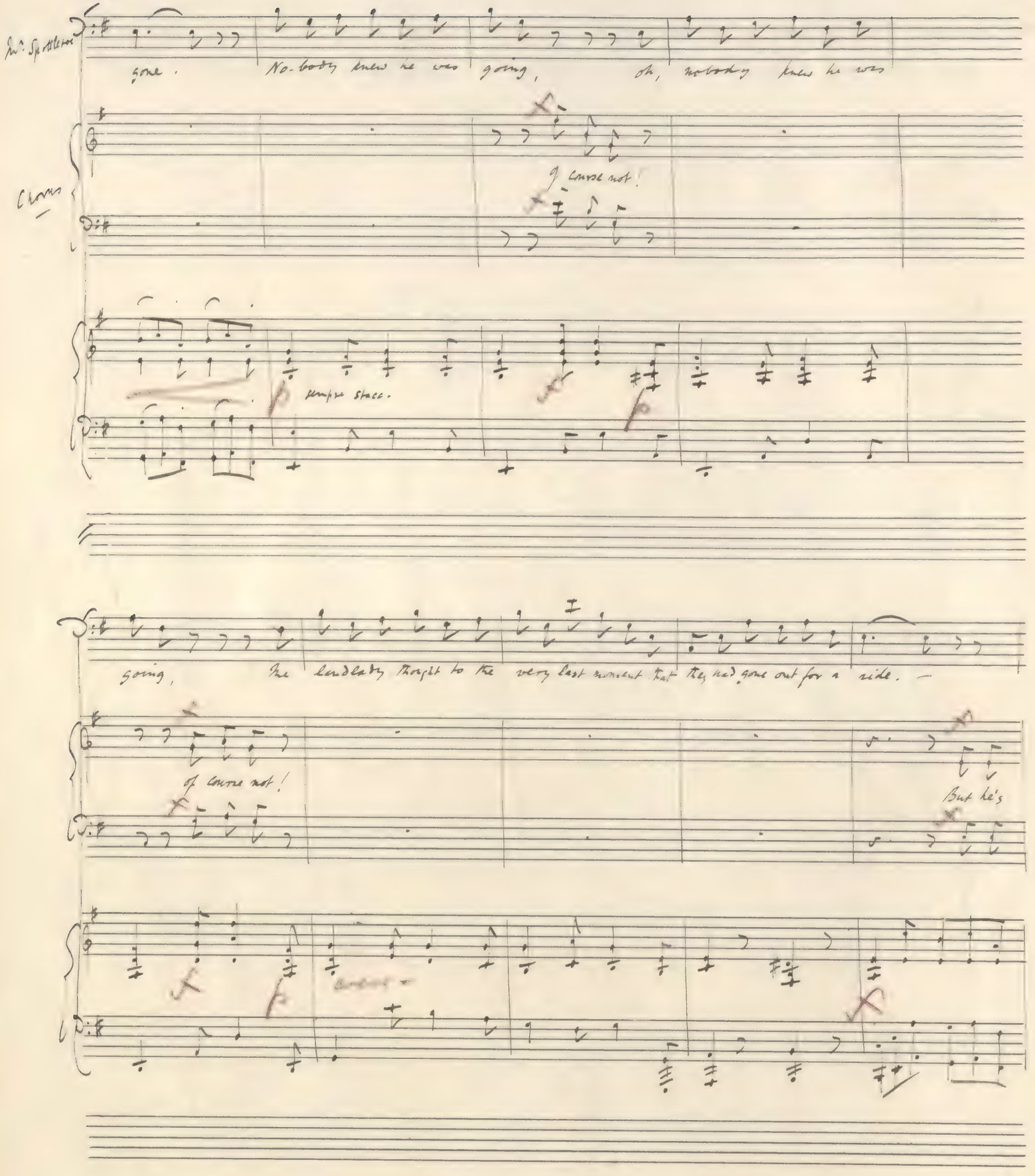
of course not!

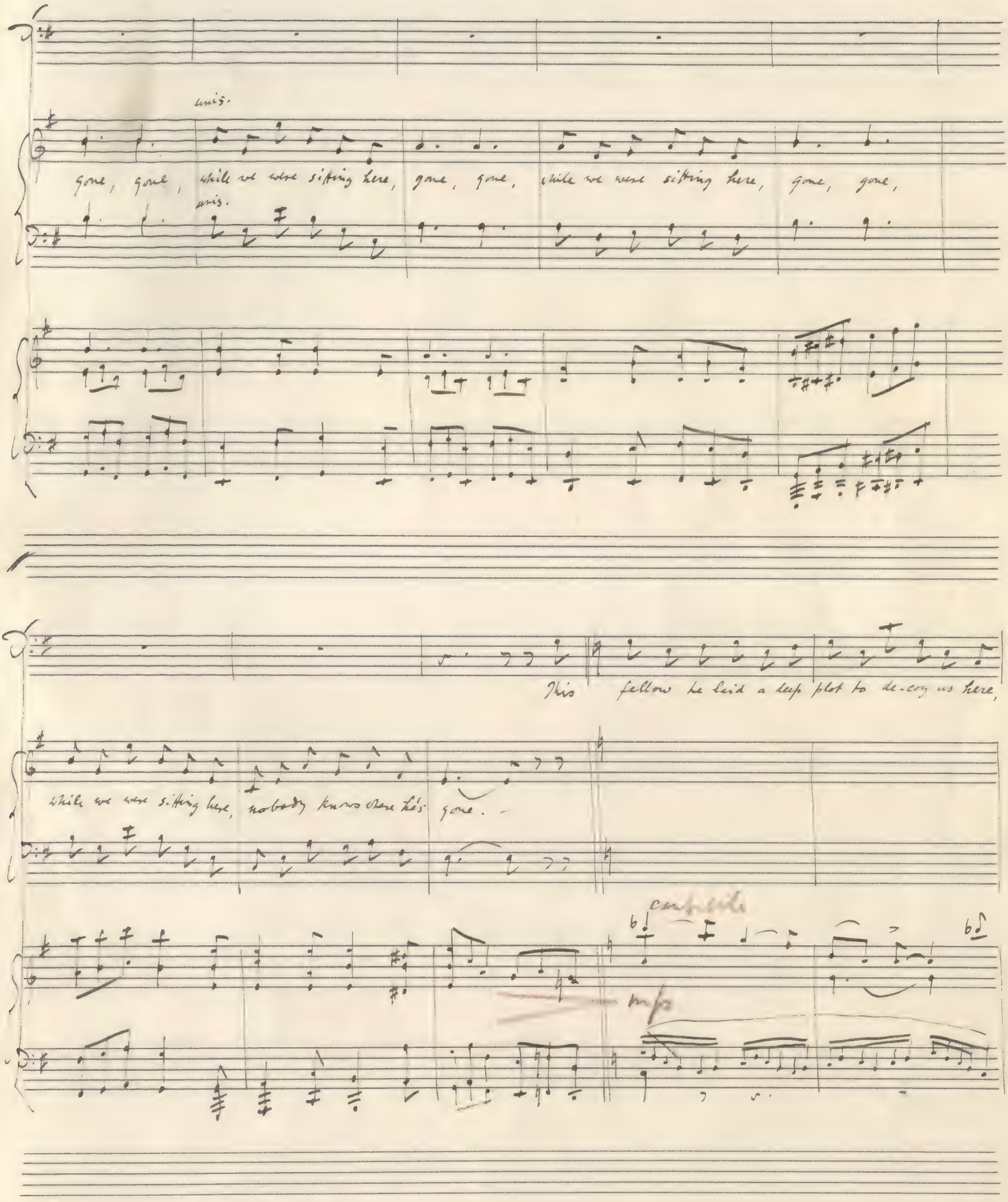
sempre stacc.

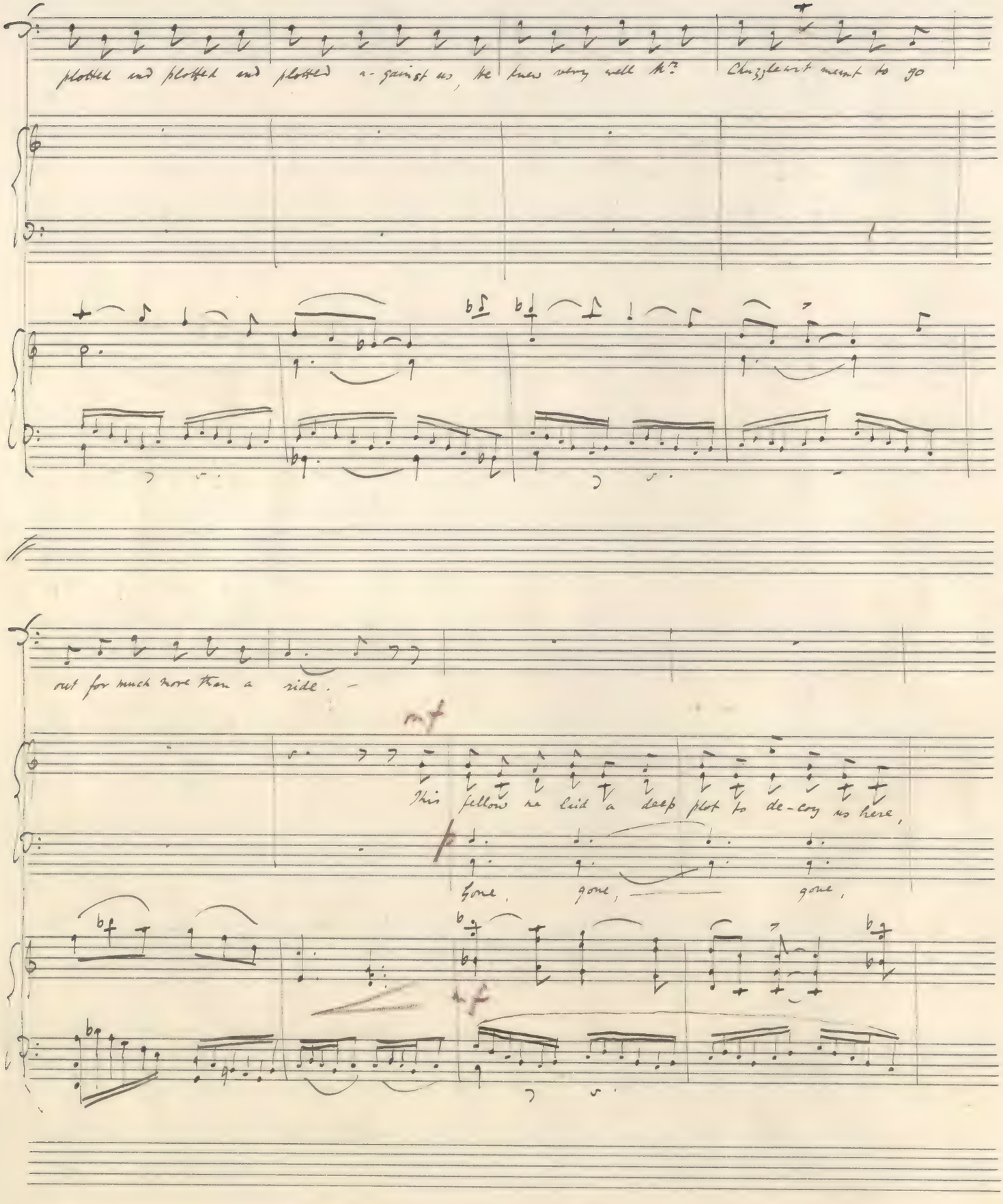
going, The landlady thought to the very last moment that they had gone out for a ride. —

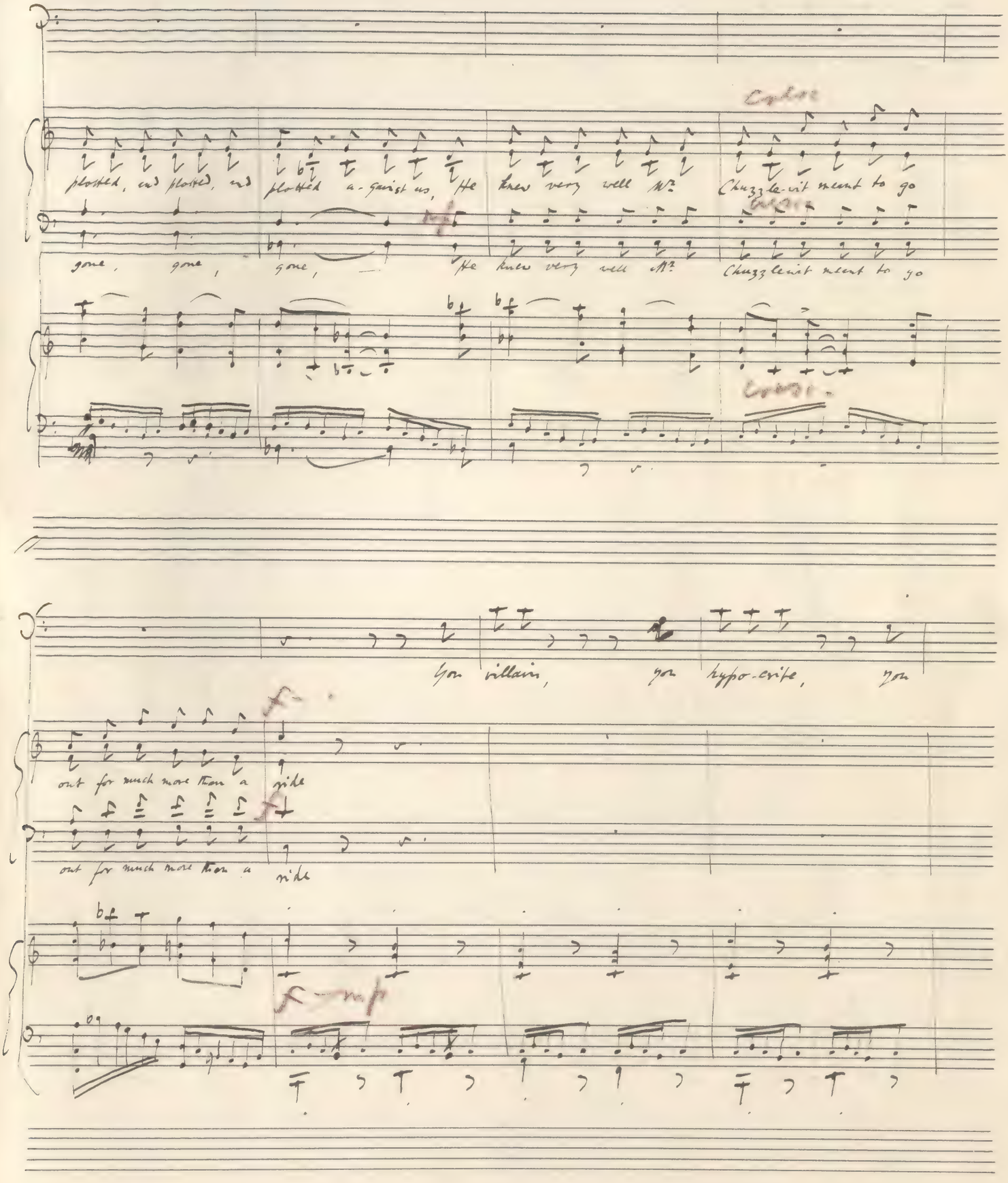
of course not!

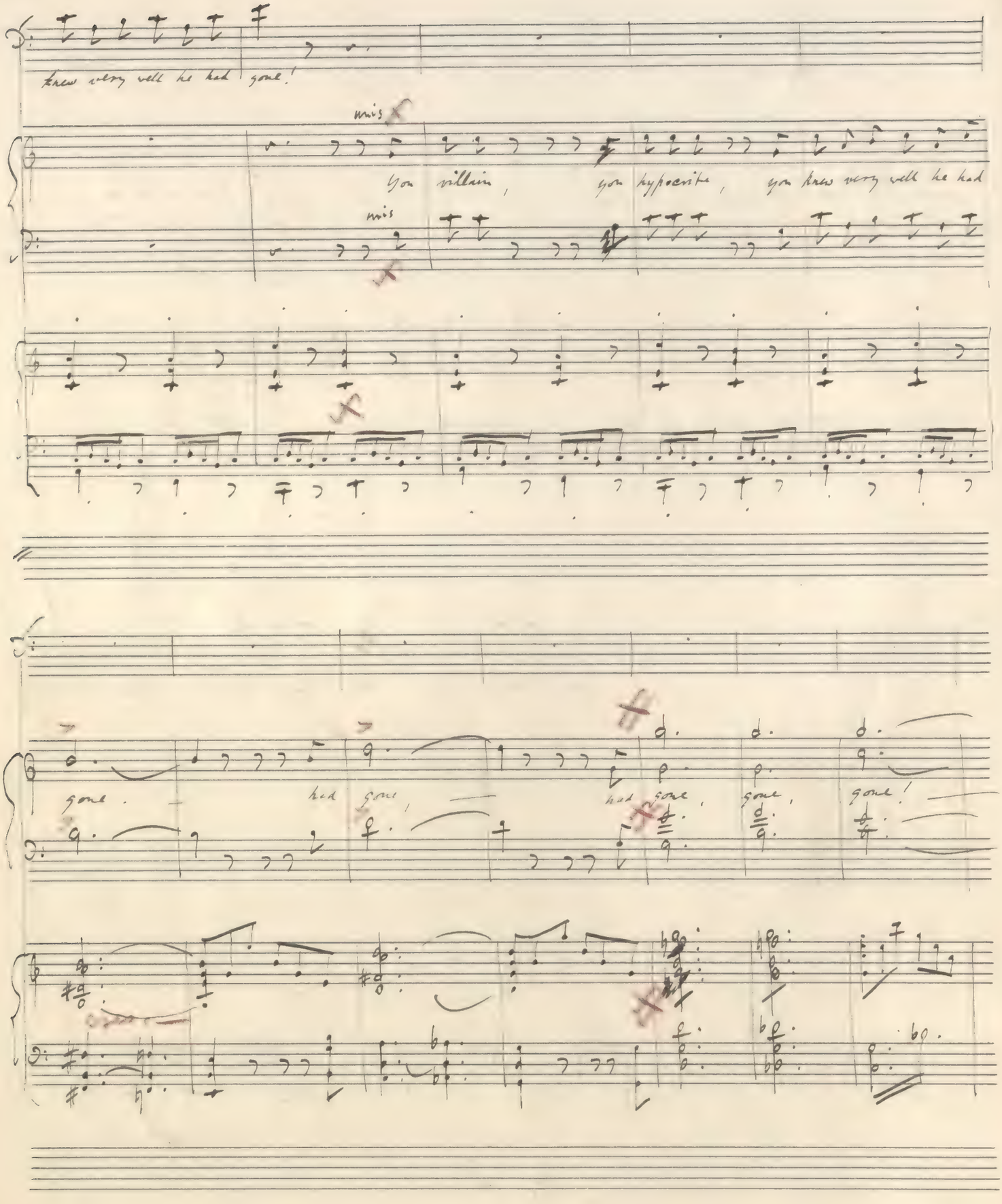
But he's

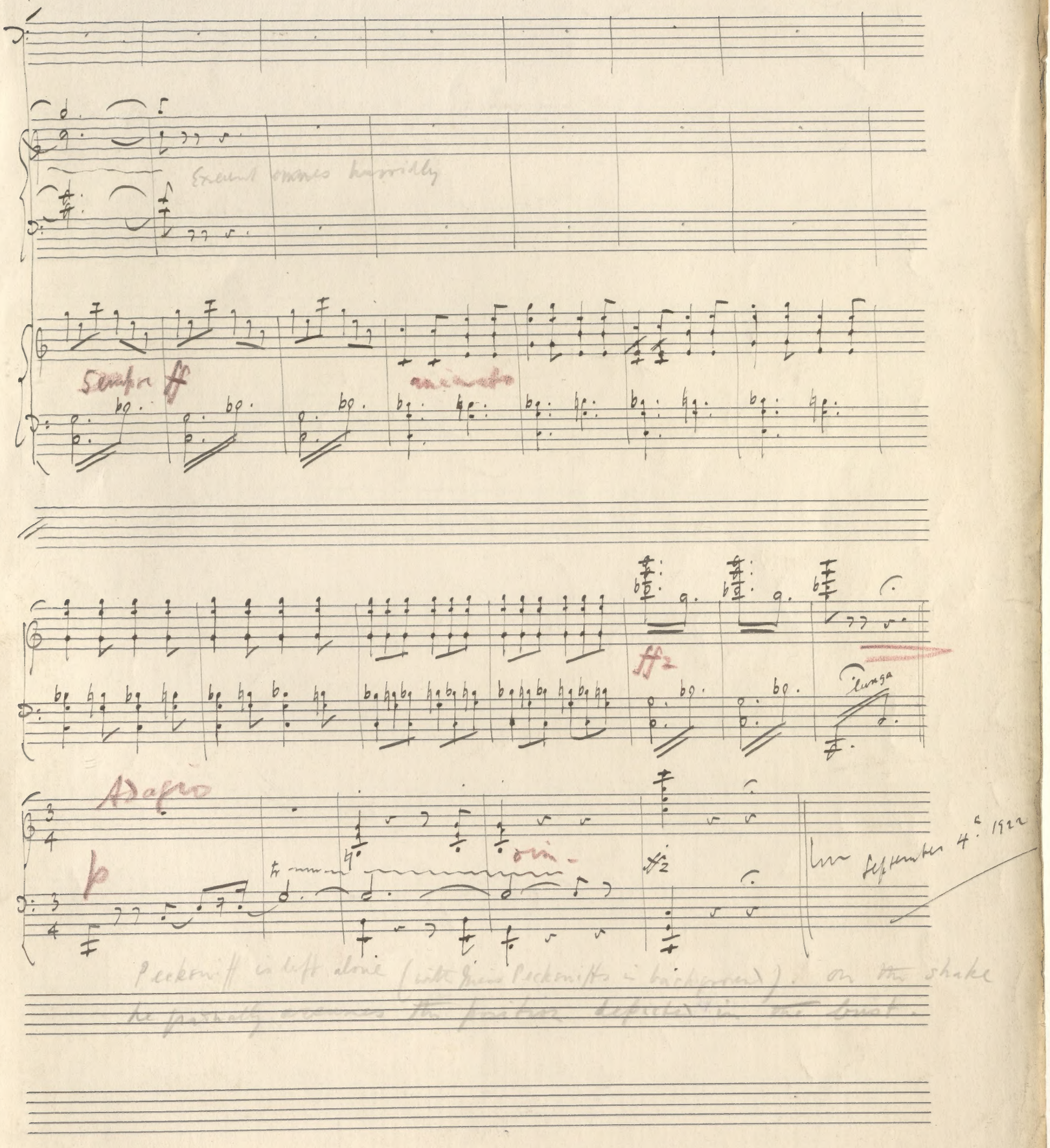



unis.
gone, gone, while we were sitting here, gone, gone, while we were sitting here, gone, gone,
unis.
This fellow he laid a deep plot to de-coy us here,
While we were sitting here, nobody knows where he's gone.
cantabile
mp


plotted and plotted and plotted a-gainst us, he knew very well he'd
Chuzzlewit meant to go
not for much more than a ride. —
mf
This fellow he laid a deep plot to de-coy us here,
f
Gone, gone, gone,
mf


plotted, and plotted, and plotted a-gainst us, He knew very well Mr.
Chuzzle-wit meant to go
gone, gone, gone, He knew very well Mr.
Chuzzlewit meant to go
You villain, you hypo-crite, you
out for much more than a ride
out for much more than a ride


knew very well he had gone!
mis
You villain, you hypocrite, you knew very well he had
mis
gone.
had gone,
had gone,
gone,
gone!


Exeunt omnes horridly
Sempre ff
animato
ff2
lunga
Adagio
p
dim.
September 4th 1922
Pecksniff is left alone (with Miss Pecksniffs in background). On the shake he gradually assumes the position depicted in the bust.